

AUG 13 1887
CITY 5207-10

PIOUS GEORGIA'S LATEST HORRIBLE MURDER CASE.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1887, by RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

VOLUME L.—No. 318.
Price Ten Cents.



AN ABSINTHE TEA PARTY.

THE LATEST KIND OF UNHALLOWED DISSIPATION IN WHICH NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE WOMEN FIND DELIGHT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

CAUTION!

A bold fraud, who signs himself "Slater" and who is collecting subscriptions to this paper in the South and West, is a knave and thief, and should be at once handed over to the authorities.

RICHARD K. FOX.

THE QUITTER'S CONSOLATION BELT.

Monday, the 8th of August, 1887, was a great day for the ex-banker from Chicago and the champion of America. "Master and man," as the sporting editor of the *Star* calls them, must have fairly tingled with pride and rapture—for, in his native city of Boston, from the hands of a Common Councillor, Mr. Pat Seedy's "man" received a magnificent gold belt, emblematic of the satisfaction with which the Bostonians hail John L. Sullivan's retirement from the ring that he may become, under the protection and tuition of Mr. Seedy, what Mr. Seedy proudly calls himself, "a real gentleman."

It was an historic scene, jamfull of instructive morals and general interest. In the present issue of the *GAZETTE* appears a magnificent illustration of a quite different episode. That illustration depicts the signing of an agreement which involves the championship of the world, and the possession of a magnificent gold belt symbolical of that championship and only to be acquired by dint of a gallant and stubborn battle.

We all know that according to the poet "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and it might have been a good idea, if feasible, to publish alongside the graphic illustration of Jem Smith's signing the contract to contend with native weapons against Kilrain, another big picture illustrating John L. Sullivan's pacific acquisition of a consolation belt denoting his abandonment of pugilism.

However, we can't spare the space this week. What a subject for our artist, though, that affair in the Boston Theatre! Right in the foreground he would have to draw the gifted Patsy Seedy smiling like a basket of chips and rapidly calculating what the receipts of the show would be and the number of "suckers" in the house. Then we have the doughy ex-champion, "Sully," as his "master" calls him, overflowing with soft white flesh and good humor, as he waits for the Common Councillor to gird his "fair round belly" with the quitter's consolation belt. And by no means should that same Common Councillor be left out of the group, who, having no further use for the ex-champion in this life, wished him joy of his trip "to another world."

And yet there is a sad side to all this. One hates to think of big, splendid, Titanic John L. Sullivan flitting out in this way, just because one Seedy, who despises pugilism, wants to make enough money out of him to establish a club room in San Francisco. In other fashion should the Giant of our times have quitted the battle ring. Either should the "wedded eagles" of the world's championship's golden girdle have been bound around his heroic loins, or he should have relinquished them in a fair fight, and died, metaphorically, like a Roman gladiator, too proud and noble to ask a glance of pity.

To see him publicly upbraided as "fat" and "soft," and even "bloated," backing out of the bounden obligations of the championship, because one Seedy bade him, and accepting a prize, the price of which had been abjectly canvassed for, instead of winning it as in the old days, by strength of arm and skill and prowess—to see all this is to feel a pang of genuine sorrow.

Meantime the *real* fighter's belt awaits the issue of a *real* battle 'twixt Smith of Britain and Kilrain of Yankeeland.

RAY PERRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Master Ray Perry the boy boxer, who has figured in many contests. He stands 3 feet in height, weighs 45 pounds and is 3 years 6 months old. He will shortly visit New York and give an exhibition of his wonderful prowess.

MIKE LUCY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Mike Lucy, the well-known middle-weight boxer, who is eager to fight any man in America. Lucy is well known in prize ring circles and has figured in manyastic encounters.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Mrs. BROWN POTTER is still very disheartened at her want of success, and it is still most probable that she will never undertake the difficulties of an American tour. With all this, of course, Mr. Potter is more or less delighted, and the Very Good Bishop is rubbing his reverend hands in the background. The fact is, that the Potter family generally will be more than delighted if things should take a turn by which Mrs. Potter's remaining on the stage might become an impossibility.

A NEW WAY of cancelling engagements was strikingly illustrated on the Square the other day. A group of actors, in which was a big, powerful-looking man, was approached by a dapper manager of a well-known dialect comedian. Addressing the big man, the little manager remarked:



"Have you?" replied the actor. "Well, I don't consider that either business-like or gentlemanly, and I won't have it."

"Won't you? Well, take that!" saying which, the manager struck the stalwart party a stunning blow with his fist and then walked away, muttering:

"Now the engagement is cancelled."

The new method has little or nothing to commend it, and I hardly think it will become popular.

Mrs. LANGTRY is at home once more. She has traveled far into the West, purchased ranches, become a citizen, played Galatea to the red man, captured cowboy hearts and done everything but vote.

In the softly shaded candlelight, wrapped in Oriental silks, and very fair to see, she told last evening of her experiences during her second trip to the Pacific shores. Her home in West Twenty-third street was ready to receive her when she returned yesterday morning somewhat later than is considered proper in well regulated households.

"They would not pull my car on the limited from Chicago, so I had to come over the Erie. Just think of it!" said she, in tones of horror. "It was a very long and tedious trip, and I feel as though I had crossed the ocean. I feel like saying to the maids, 'Take out those gloves and see how they stood the salt air.' It's just like an ocean trip, don't you know. I had a very successful tour, though, and really my season's receipts were bigger than the first year under Abbey."

"I am an American now, for I have made my declaration," continued the Lily, gleefully, as though she enjoyed it. "Then I set off fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, gave lots of them to the boys, and had a big flag on my house in Trisco. Little house, great big flag, so big that I could not see out of the windows, but that did not matter, did it? I was ill, though, and could not recite, as I promised. That was so unlucky, wasn't it? But I have made all my people take out their papers and become Americans. That's right, isn't it?"

Mrs. Langtry is a very bright conversationalist and has a charming way of putting questions at the end of her sentences. She told how she had enjoyed all the sights, visited fruit farms and ridden on stage coaches through dangerous passes where horrid highwaymen hid waiting for beautiful stars to carry off to their strongholds. "But I did not see the highwaymen," she added, in a somewhat reproachful tone. It might have been a novel way of having one's diamonds stolen, but the Lily scorned the suggestion and declared that both she and the driver of the coach had been badly "scared."

"Oh, by the way, I've bought a ranch, don't you know?" she said, in the same tone that one would announce the purchase of a poodle. "It's big, seven thousand acres, almost as large as the island on which I was born. It is situated in Lake and Napa counties."

WHY IS IT that a man will always—or nearly always—be ready to make a fool of himself on account of an actress, no matter how old or how played out she may be. Take, for instance, the case of poor William A. Appell, a German, who kept for a number of years at 230 Seventh avenue a saloon that was frequented by Germans of the better class. He sold only beer and wine, and took pride in establishing a good reputation for his place. He made money, and when his wife died two years ago, he had \$10,000 in the bank. After her death he made the acquaintance of a dashing blonde variety actress of middle age, who went by the name of Maud Morton. They lived together on the third floor over his saloon. He was completely fascinated by the woman, and indulged her taste for diamonds, sealisks, and beautiful dresses to his own ruin. Three months ago the last of his \$10,000 had slipped through his fingers, and he found himself indebted to a considerable extent. He had to tell Maud to curtail her expenses, and she resented it. One morning shortly afterward she disappeared. He became moody and despondent, and one morning recently after bidding his bartender a pleasant good morning, he went into the adjoining toilet room, and a minute later there was the report of a pistol. He had shot himself in the temple and died almost at once.

Two letters were found in his pockets addressed to his niece, who was keeping house for him, and the other to Maud Morton. The latter was sealed. The one to his niece read:

When you get this I shall be no more. I have got into much trouble and greatly into debt, and I see no way out of it. If my mother hears of this she will be almost killed. Keep the news from her. I belong to a lodge, and the key you will find in my pocket will enable you to get at my papers in the ice box, where I have kept them. These papers will bring to my creditors about \$4,000, and will bury me respectably.

Coroner Eidman examined into the suicide, and the letter which was left addressed to Maud Morton was opened. It read as follows:

DEAR MAUD—When these few lines come to your hand I am no more. Dear Maud, how I have longed to see and speak to you. Maud, I have loved you more than any man in this world can, and I love you still. Farewell, my darling. I hope you will be happy. I am sick and tired of this life and have to die. Farewell, my dear. Think sometimes of your unhappy friend, JOHN.

LOIE FULLER while in Chicago some years ago happened to have no engagement, and, plucky girl that

she is, resolved to look up one with John McCullough. The tragedian had his headquarters in the Union Club, and thither she went. The solemn porter of the establishment told the little actress that Mr. McCullough was not in just then, but if she would step into the waiting-room it could not be long before he would arrive. Accordingly into the large and elegant waiting-room tripped Miss Fuller, and for a minute or so demurely sat on one of the big leather chairs. There wasn't a soul around and it was awfully lonesome, when she spied a melancholy cat walking along the hall. She beckoned to the cat, and for fifteen minutes, sitting on the floor of the waiting-room of that exclusive Union Club, Loie Fuller played with that no longer melancholy cat. In the midst of the sport a form appeared in the doorway. It was John McCullough.

The actress jumped up, confused, and explained her mission to the tragedian.

"Come around to the theatre to-morrow night after the performance," said he kindly. "If you do as charmingly on the boards," he added, laughing, "as you do on the floor, I'll engage you."

The next night Miss Fuller went to the theatre and learned that John McCullough had broken down.

I HEAR THAT little Teddy Solomon is living in great style in London, though from whence comes the wherewithal to pay for the clover is a mystery, seeing that managers generally have boycotted him on account of his unreliability, and that he is consequently without employment. Perhaps the Edith Brereton incident may help to explain the matter. Miss Brereton, who is one of that class of young and pretty women who have no visible means of support, but who live on the fat of the land nevertheless, was the complainant the other day in a London police court against an aged masher of distinguished appearance, who it was alleged, had "insulted" her. After the elderly person had been dealt with by the beak, and the young lady commended for her courage in coming forward to prosecute, she left the court accompanied by a cherubic gentleman very closely resembling the composer of "Billie Taylor," to whom the simple girl remarked, "Well, I'm d-d, Teddy, don't you think he had a pretty good cheek?"

THEATRICAL PEOPLE are keeping the courts busy just now. It can safely be said that they have provided a good many little sensations for the enjoyment of the public during the past few weeks. Miss Blanche Meda, an elderly person who is known as an actress, and who enjoys the distinction of possessing a husband who is serving out a term of imprisonment at Sing Sing for forgery, has been in court and airing her grievances against a certain Monsieur Mery during the past week. About the only interesting fact, however, which is developed at the trial is one which saddles Miss Blanche Meda with the possession of a son twenty-five years of age. Miss Meda's particular vocation in life is that of playing giddy girls in particularly bad plays, and now that the dramatic papers have given away the fact that she is old enough to be a grandmother, I am afraid her principal occupation in life will be gone.

FRANCIS WILSON HAS BEEN SUFFERING from cholera morbus, and little Mr. Maffin took his part last week several times in *Erminie* at the Casino. In the last act it will be remembered that Wilson takes an artistic tumble down a flight of stairs. Maffin being a bit of an acrobat himself, made up his mind to take the shine out of Wilson's fall if he couldn't out of his acting. He made a wonderful and startling effect, and then found himself at the foot of the staircase with a dislocated wrist and the fingers of his right hand permanently set the wrong way. The next day Wilson (cholera morbus and all) had to resume his duties, and Maffin went to bed to ruminate on the vanity of the world.

ED. HARRIGAN IS AT WORK on a new play, the scene of which is to be laid in the South. This is not the first time that Harrigan has departed from the beaten track in which he has made both fame and fortune, but in each instance the experiment has proved a costly one. The author-actor is I know ambitious to convince the theatre-goers that he is capable of better things than the sketches of New York life with which he has become so closely identified. But those same sketches have made money for him, and the people apparently desire nothing else. Under the circumstances, it would be well for him in his new piece to devote at least one act to the introduction of those city characters which he can portray so well.

I SEE THAT MARSHALL P. WILDER is on his way back to America. If the British aristocracy fell so passionately in love with this person, why, in the name of all that is charitable, did they not keep him? There was a faint hope that the Queen of the Sandwich Islands would ship him to Honolulu, and the Prince of Wobymistry-Jackomias, brother of the King of Siam, had half an idea of buying him as a plaything for his brother. It didn't work, however, and we are to have him back here in all his glory.

LOTTA'S NEW PLAY is an adaptation of that rather entertaining book, "Court Royal." There is an excellent Jew in "Court Royal"—good enough, indeed, to have been a creation of Dickens, and this character Clay Green has given particular scope to in the "Pawn Ticket." John Henson, a very excellent actor, has been engaged to play the part of the Jew.

A MAN WALKED into the Windsor Hotel, in Dallas, the other day with a valise and a big appetite, and going into the dining room, tried for a few minutes to work up a beefsteak. He broke out with:

"What, ho, landlord! Is there a blacksmith within the precincts of this mighty city?"

Landlord: "Why, yes; of course."

Tragedian: "Then send one hither."

Landlord: "What in thunder do you want with a blacksmith in my dining room?"

Tragedian: I would have him test his steel and brawny arm by severing in twain this steak from the shoulder of the deceased bovine of many years, and then, for my physical recuperation, I would have him saw, file and chisel off a few morsels from its hardened bulk, for I would dine the while. I pray thee haste and fetch him quickly. Stay thee! Your biscuits you can take to a stone quarry for a blast; these grills I can, with dexterous art and a glass of water, manage to swallow whole. Go bring the blacksmith. Away!"

The landlord fainted and awoke almost a raving maniac.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

Dragged By The Hair.

Ex-Assemblyman Ira L. Buckman, a well-known Republican politician in the Eastern District, Brooklyn, L. I., dragged Mrs. Ella Van Alstyne, a highly respected young woman, through Bedford avenue by her hair and then served her with a warrant charging her with having assaulted her husband, Archibald, last February. The affair was characterized as the most outrageous on record, and it is altogether probable that Mr. Buckman will be in hot water for some time.

Fired Upon by Menhaden Pirates.

Manager J. Fred Zimmerman, of the Chestnut street opera house, Philadelphia, recently went to Grassy Bay, N. J., with a yachtman named Wm. Millwood for a day's fishing. They soon filled their boat with bluefish, weakfish, sheepsheads, etc. While thus engaged a menhaden fishing schooner swept around the point and inclosed Mr. Zimmerman's boat in their net. As the purse-strings tightened his boat tilted and was in danger of being upset. He shouted to the menhaden fishermen to let him out, but they kept on hauling in their net. He then cut a buoy line and got his boat out, at the same time releasing the fish in the net. This angered the menhaden men, who opened fire upon Zimmerman and his companion. One bullet struck Millwood's oar and filled his arm with splinters. The two men finally escaped by pushing their boat into a sedge bank, where their pursuers could not follow. Such outrages are said to be of frequent occurrence along this coast.

A Cold Blooded Murder.

John Schlemmer, 23 years old, the other day walked up to his wife, a child not yet 16 years old, who was with her mother and grandmother at the corner of Erie and First streets, Jersey City, led her aside, put the muzzle of a revolver against her breast and fired. The girl dropped dead on the sidewalk. The husband ran into a liquor store, but was captured and taken to the police station, where he said coolly: "I suppose I'll get the rope for this."

Later in the day he asked to see the evening papers, so that he could read the accounts of the murder. Schlemmer was married to his wife Jan. 11 last, but they had never lived together. He is a shoemaker, and was employed in Smith's shoe store, No. 300 West Twenty-fourth street, this city. He was born May 17, 1864, at St. Jendel, Prussia, and has been in this country six years. His parents, according to his own statement, are still in Prussia, in comfortable circumstances. He is slightly built and undersized. His wife was Lillie Maun, the daughter of a German barber. The girl was as dark as a Spaniard, pretty, with regular features and long, wavy, raven hair.

An Editor Knocked Out.

A special from Salt Lake, U. T., Aug. 1, says: P. H. Lannan, of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, received a rather severe drubbing at the hands of Joseph L. Rawlins, a prominent young attorney here, and one of the leaders of the non-Mormon faction known as the "young democracy." The affair seems to have grown out of the fact that some months ago Rawlins acted as attorney for Edward Austin, now of Kansas City, but at one time manager of the London bank of Utah, in a libel suit brought against Lannan's paper, and during his argument used some very forcible language. Since that time Rawlins has been the victim of much abuse, presumably on that account as well as for the fact that he had worked hard against the faction (liberals) supported by the *Tribune*. A day or so since a very bitter attack was made upon Rawlins, and when he met Lannan this morning he asked the newspaper man to put it out. Lannan replied that he would back up anything his paper said, and did not care what any G-d—like Rawlins thought about it. At this Rawlins jumped at Lannan. The latter's injuries are not serious.

"PATRICE."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Patrice" is probably one of the handsomest, most charming and talented of our very few really clever soubrettes. Her stage experience dates back but three or four years, yet she is already conceded to be one of the best; and numerous offers of profitable engagements are being constantly showered upon her. "Patrice's" career has been one of almost unexampled brilliancy, and is an admirable illustration of what ability, conjoined with determination and perseverance, may accomplish. There is certainly a bright future awaiting this captivating little lady.

LIZZIE HIGHT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This bewitching young actress, whose pretty face is portrayed elsewhere, will be one of the leading attractions of Henshaw and Ten Broeck's "Two Old Cronies" this season.

A LUCKY MAN.

For several days it has been mooted round, and indeed we published the statement, that Mr. John B. Boyd, of this city, had been so fortunate as to draw the nice little sum of five thousand dollars in the June drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and all his old friends were rejoiced at Mr. Boyd's good luck, always reserving the usual exclamation "if it is true." To vindicate ourselves, and to give the public the information, we have interviewed Mr. Boyd on the subject.

"Did you draw \$5,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, Mr. Boyd?"

"I did, on the one-twentieth of ticket No. 24,658."

"What was the amount?"

"The second capital prize of the lottery on that drawing was \$100,000. The twentieth was \$5,000."

"Did you get your money?"

"I did, in \$20 gold pieces, with no delay or bother."

"Who acted as your banker?"

"Wells, Fargo & Co. made the collection, at a cost to me of \$65."

"Had you other tickets in the same drawing?"

"Yes. One of them drew a small amount, say \$20, but it was a fractional ticket and did not yield largely."

Mr. Boyd placed part of his winning in real estate at once, as he is an old-timer, and in the abstract business for Woolwine, Sprigg & Nerney, he knew as well where to place it as these gentlemen themselves. We are only too glad of our old friend's good luck, and to hear that all was done by the Lottery people on the square, promptly and no growling.—*San Diego (Cal.) San Diego, July 7.*

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Mrs. Missouri Salmons.

It is alleged that the buxom lady whose face appears above has skipped from her home at Webbville, Lawrence County, Kentucky, with a coon by the name of Payton Scott, well known in the vicinity for his duds-like ways. The white woman was the wife of a well-to-do farmer, who has heard from Ironton, Ohio, that his unfaithful spouse was married at the latter town to the gay darkey of her choice.

SIGNING THE ARTICLES.

(SUBJECT OF DOUBLE PAGE ILLUSTRATION.)

The memorable scene in the office of the London *Sporting Life*, when Jim Smith signed the articles binding him to fight Jake Kilrain for the world's championship and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt is illustrated elsewhere. Among the prominent persons present who are accurately portrayed are Richard K. Fox, Jim Smith, Editor Atkinson of the *Sporting Life*, and Major John M. Burke of the Wild West show.

A SENSATIONAL MEETING.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A sensational little episode occurred in Jos. Wolff's confectionary store on Wednesday afternoon a week ago, the particulars of which are just coming to light in the Louisville, Ky., courts. Mrs. Virgil S. Wright met Miss Ida Jenkins and her sister there at the soda water fountain and was inclined to be belligerent, and from what has been alleged it would only have taken a similar inclination on the part of Miss Jenkins to get up a little female fistfight. The trouble arose about two years ago when the Misses Jenkins, who reside at 352 West Jefferson street, came to Louisville from Westport. They were alone in the world and had their own way to make and consequently went into business with Mrs. Wright as purchasing agent, etc.

Affairs did not go along harmoniously, however, and they finally resolved to dissolve partnership. Each assumed the indebtedness which she herself had incurred. When they met at the soda fountain it is alleged that Mrs. Wright taunted Miss Jenkins, and asked something about making a settlement. The latter told her to pay her own bills, and that she would attend to hers herself. Having finished her soda water she started to leave, when Mrs. Wright commanded her to stop, throwing her parasol upon the floor in a very determined manner. Miss Jenkins said she would go whenever she pleased, and started to do so, when Mrs. Wright, then thoroughly aroused, is alleged to have hurled her half-empty glass of soda and ice-cream at her opponent. The missile struck Miss Jenkins upon the head and plentifully bespattered both the young women before it was dashed into pieces upon the pavement. Mrs. Wright, it is said, then assailed Miss Jenkins with her parasol, but was prevented from doing any further mischief.

NELLIE SMITH.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

In 1885, at Grand Rapids, Mich., Nellie McMahon, a pretty, winsome girl of 15 years, found employment at the Eagle Hotel as waitress. Her conduct was at all times exemplary. While waiting on the table at the Eagle one evening, a traveling man insulted Nellie. George Evans stepped forward as her champion. He ejected the man from the hotel, using considerable force, and the man died soon after from the effect of the injuries received. Evans was arrested, tried and convicted of manslaughter and was sentenced to a term of years in the Jackson prison, dying before his release. In 1887, Nellie McMahon and Warren Smith, brother of Gen. I. C. Smith, the present Superintendent of Police, were married. Smith was then a rising young man, considered the finest bookkeeper in the State, and the real manager of the hotel. Unfortunately Warren was wild, for he began drinking six months after his marriage, and he left for the West. For three months the forsaken wife worked at the hotel. Some months later her son was born. For a time she worked in the old National Hotel at Muskegon, and then removed back to Grand Rapids. For two years she struggled by taking in plain sewing.

After the two years' struggle, a tempter came. He is now a pronounced temperance fanatic and bright and shining light in one of the largest churches at Grand Rapids. She consented—fell like many another weak, defenseless woman.

About thirteen years ago she became the proprietress of a house of ill-fame at Grand Rapids, at No. 4 Pearl street. Last Saturday morning a week ago, when the raid was made upon her house she was compelled to rise from a sick bed. She was told that she must accompany the police to headquarters. She only succeeded in reaching the door, where from excitement and sickness, she fell in a faint on the floor and was carried to her bed which she never again left. She was

taken with a spasm; recovering, she faintly murmured, "Eddie—Lawyer," and a messenger was sent for her son and an attorney to make her will, but she died before they could reach her. The deceased was thirty-seven years of age and was born in Plainfield township. Warren Smith, the man who wrecked her life, died in this city a few years since in abject poverty. As she died without a will her entire property will revert to her son, Eddie, who is a well-known confectionist traveling under the name of "Rex."

LAUNCHED INTO ETERNITY.

A Horrible Accident Costing Several Lives Happens at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Our correspondent at Milwaukee, Wis., writes, Aug. 6: By a peculiar accident at the launching of the huge steamer William H. Wolf this afternoon three persons were killed outright, several others were fatally injured, and about twenty were seriously hurt. About 1,000 people had gathered to witness the launch. The docks were lined, vessels were crowded, and every scow and lumber pile were black with spectators. Directly opposite the cradled vessel was the large coal dock of the Northwestern Fuel Company. It is a roofed dock, with huge derricks for unloading coal. Upon the roof of this coal-shed a large number of people had assembled. The view from that point was a fine one, as the vessel moved directly toward the dock.

As the Wolf struck the water, her port bilge was buried in the black water of the slip; then she recovered, and rolled heavily to port. The water displaced by her hull rose like a tidal wave, and swept over the coal dock and up toward its roof, causing a cloud of coal dust and spray. The supports of the docks were insufficient to stand the force of the wave, and about forty feet of the shed went down with its living freight.

Owing to the fact that many cases of injuries were not reported, the unfortunates being hurried home in carriages, it is impossible to ascertain the full extent of the accident. As far as known, the casualties are:

Dead—Ed. Seer, aged 15, head crushed and body mangled; Charles Walwig, 22 years old, killed by injury to head and back; Thomas Denister, 20 years old, head crushed.

Injured—Kenneth McKay, 20 years old, injured internally and not expected to live; Mrs. Marley, scalp torn off the back of the head and spine injured, cannot live; Frank Althoff, hurt internally and life despaired of; John Knack, a boat builder, badly hurt internally; F. L. Barrow, bookkeeper, left leg broken in two places; A. D. Whitcomb, leg broken; Henry Ehlers, badly injured about the back and shoulders; Theodore Klatt, severe internal injuries, may recover; William Knack, a moulder, badly hurt about the hips and severely cut about the head and face; F. L. Barrow, thigh broken and internal injuries; Mrs. Freeling of Kansas City, injured internally; Frank Allover, hurt in the chest and otherwise injured; A. Coughlin, bookkeeper for Green & Button, and Patrick Kinzella, an employee of the same firm, internally injured; Andrew Kuffman, hip injured; John Leisenfelder, leg broken; John Martin, extent of injuries not known, but probably will recover.

About a dozen people were thrown into the river, but were rescued by the life-saving crew and boatmen, whose craft swarmed in the river. It is the belief, however, that the suction of the boat drew some of them under, and the river is being dragged. Thus far no bodies have been found.

AN ABSINTHE PARTY.

The Latest Kind of Unhallowed Dissipation Indulged in by New York Fashionable Women.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A certain confectionery or "ladies' restaurant" in a fashionable quarter of New York is much frequented because the proprietor is in the habit of serving that fascinating and soul-destroying liquor, absinthe, to his patrons as "tea."

There is a front room, following the counters containing the display of confectionery inside the door, to which gentlemen are admitted with ladies. Portieres that reveal an elegant interior salon separate a rear apartment, which is "for ladies only" where, besides the deadly decoction, ices flavored with liquors, are served to the initiated. The loud talking that is heard proceeding from this room by the gentlemen customers in the front section is frequently correctly conjectured to emanate from inebriated, thick of tongue and incoherent, not to say idiotic in speech, but that they have visited the place for the purpose of obtaining skillfully decocted absinthe is probably little dreamed of. A side door for exit is accessible to those who have too much respect to stagger through the main room to the street, and I am informed that there is a parlor upstairs, also convenient to the side door, where those too much under the influence of the intoxicating draught can sleep off the effects on sofas provided for the purpose.

The mistake of the opium joints in permitting a mingling of the sexes, which led to their discovery and eventual closing by the police authorities, is not made here, as none but ladies are permitted in the rear or inner room, and as the outer room is pleasant and comfortable, only the initiated seek admission beyond the portiere, where, in an elegant interior, they are served by lady attendants the soul-destroying distillation of brandy and wormwood in delicate china cups. The liberal patronage is evidence that the initiated are numerous, and the flushed and leering faces of those who are able to leave by the front door leave little doubt that many imbibe more "tea" than is good for them. It is no uncommon spectacle to see well-dressed ladies leave the place perceptibly under an influence that unsteadies the gait and bewilders the brain, and I hope the day is not distant when a scandal will lead to the closing of the place.

Absinthe is drunk by the ladies because they enjoy its aromatic flavor and dreaming exhilaration. Absinthe is as ruinous to the health and brain as the opium or morphine habit; the wreck, mental and physical, is inevitable and complete, especially as it is so insidious and subtle in effect that the victim is taken unawares.

LONG BRANCH DIVES.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Few people who visit Long Branch, N. J., would ever suppose that behind that elegant avenue that gives the resort such a charming front there were going-on back of all this that would make even the tough New Yorker blush. One of these most notorious quarters is a group of small broken up and broken down houses and shanties known as "Limerick." Here, in the small wee hours of the nights, yes, and sometimes in the bright daylight, one can see the vilest debauchery between white women and the blackest of coons, the

latter waiters, stablemen, etc., employed by the hotels and cottages; the former the broken down demi-monde of the rankest dens of New York city. Every summer this city vomits into such places as Coney Island, Long Branch, Rockaway Beach, etc., the scum of the dens, along with the best of them. They all find their proper position, as at Long Branch. The pretty Queen Ann Cottage, perhaps, on First Avenue at the "Branch," has been hired for the season by the nimble New York madame, who finds that Madison Avenue is dull in the summer and very injurious to her stock-in-trade, so the unfortunate women are packed off under her instructions to look out for angels to the cottage. Here the madame finds a rich harvest. The wealthy Jews fall into her nets like flies. Her girls work the beach by night and day, hauling big catches with every tide of new comers. The scenes at these cottages of a Saturday when everything is booming cannot be described, even in this paper. They are very racy to say the least.

But to return to "Limerick." Here we found the lowest form of vice and the cheapest kind of gambling right under the nose of the Jersey officials, who either have too much to attend to in the summer months, or they think it may interfere with trade to suppress any of the beastly dives which make the spot so vile. The black man rules this quarter, and it's a dangerous game for a white tough to make free with their white mistresses. Many a fellow has been cut up by the coon's razor for a little flirtation with their women. Still this goes on and more, too, in this fashionable watering place that was once the summer capital of this country, and is still the resort for many prominent gentlemen and their families, who are quite swell in society and other matters of the upper world.

FELL FROM THE BIG BRIDGE.

Young James Martin's Perilous Flight Through 120 Feet of Space.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

When young James Martin slipped into his well-daubed painter's overalls the other morning and started for his job on the big bridge, he had no idea that he was making large, well-defined tracks on glory's path, or that he was going to knock out the records of Steve Brodie and Larry Donovan. James is only seventeen years old, short, slender and smooth-faced, with light brown hair and eyes with never a spark of sporting fire in them. For the last two years he has been an apprentice with his uncle, Dick Lambert, boss painter of the gang who are always at work on the East River Bridge. Six men were engaged the other day in laying a fresh mixture of pale olive on the iron framework that supports the railroad track on the north side of the bridge. They were about 120 feet east of the New York tower. James Martin's duty was to carry "color" to them.

At 10:20 he climbed along the wide gaps in the framework with two pots of fresh-mixed, olive-hued paint in his left hand. It's enough to make an ordinary man's spine vibrate to see the way the painters climb around on the framework, but they are used to it and don't mind their great elevation a bit. James was just as smart as any of them. Steadying himself with his right hand on one of the thick stays of twisted iron he started to cross the railroad track. He was so used to climbing around that he didn't notice his foot come down on a bit of freshly painted iron. It slipped, he toppled over sideways, and before he knew it James and his two pots of olive paint went flying down to the river. He had no time to cry out, and he splashed into the river in just two and two-fifths seconds. He fell 120 feet. He made two complete revolutions on the way down, and he was almost doubled up in a knot when he struck. The beautiful olive paint spread out and enjoyed a few seconds' quiet sail, and then was churned out of sight in the rough ebb tide.

Just as James made a big hole in the East river the tug William Cox came along, bucking the tide with two barges of coal on her port side and two barges of cement to starboard. Fireman Charles Cummings, of the tug, heard a yell from the men on the tow and rushed out in time to see James disappear. He ran across the barges and, without waiting to take off so much as his heavy shoes, plunged in. Both men came to the surface at the same time. Cummings grabbed Martin, who was unconscious, and tried to tow him towards the barges. He lost his grip and Martin sank again. Once more Cummings dived for him, caught hold of his collar and brought him to the surface. By this time the tide had helped swing them toward the canal boats, and men threw lines to them. Cummings tied Martin so that he could be hauled out and then climbed aboard.

The painter lad was taken to the barge Charles A. Pool, alongside Dover street dock, and laid out on deck. He soon came to and was able to talk a little in whispers. Policeman Finn rang for an ambulance and Dr. Kimball came with it. By the time it arrived Martin was able to walk fifty yards and climb in with a little help. Cummings skipped back aboard his tug and sailed away as if he was in the habit of hauling out drowning men before dinner every day. At the Chambers Street Hospital it was found that Martin had sustained no hurt beyond a scraping of his left leg, which was done as he fell off.

COLD WATER NO GO.

The ratification of the Smith-Kilrain \$10,000 fight has been the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and thus early people have taken sides on the question. The followers of Sullivan have been trying to throw cold water on the project, but they have been totally unsuccessful in their endeavors, and it is gradually dawning upon the American public that Sullivan is not so anxious to fight as his backers and friends believe. Instead of doing all he can to bring back his lost prestige Sullivan is fast descending to that level which has marked the ending of so many champions' careers. For the past two weeks he has been on a protracted spree, and more than one quarrel has taken place between Sullivan and his manager, Pat Sheedy. The latter is disheartened at the way in which his protegee is acting, and it is said that Sheedy has serious intentions of locating in San Francisco where he will open a club room.—N. Y. Star, Aug. 1.

JNO. E. BODLEY.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Mr. Bodley is known as the leading sporting news-dancer of the Northwest. Very early in life he took Horace Greeley's advice and went West. He has advanced himself by his energy and business tact until he is now in very comfortable circumstances and one of the best-known men in Minneapolis. Minn. Brother Bodley has built up an immense trade for all live newspapers, and is very popular about town among the best citizens, who look upon him as a part of Minneapolis.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Chief Deigham.

Above appears the fearless face of J. H. Deigham, the able chief engineer of the Belleville (N. J.) Fire Department, who has an excellent record as a fire fighter. He also served in several important positions with the Eastwood Hose Co., No. 2, where he left many friends who remember his good service.

Thomas Toffelson.

Thomas Toffelson was the car driver of the Cedar avenue line of cars who was mysteriously murdered recently by some highwayman, who captured the cash box. The car driver was a very popular young man among his fellow railroad men.

Rev. William Thomas Abbott West.

William Thomas Abbott West, late Methodist minister at Chesterton, Porter Co., Ind., is wanted for murder. He is between 30 and 35 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high, about 150 pounds weight, fair complexion, dark brown eyes, dark auburn hair, parted in the middle, full, square face and chin clean shaven, may allow his beard to grow; stoops slightly when walking. He is a native of London, Canada, where he has relatives living. He seduced and poisoned Susie or Annie Beck, in St. Louis, Mo., July 18th, 1887. He is well known in South Bend, Indiana. He may look for work at electroplating. He is handy at any kind of work. Usually wore a black Prince Albert coat, but will likely discard that garment for some other kind. He fled from Chesterton on the 20th inst. for parts unknown.

George Brinske.

So much interest has been excited in the case of George Brinske, the man who went into the army as Grover Cleveland's substitute, that we present his portrait on another page. George Brinske is of Polish birth. Brinske is now old and feeble. His health has been impaired for many years, and until recently he has been an inmate of a poorhouse. Now he receives the protection and care of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Bath. He says his appeals to President Cleveland for aid in his poverty and sickness have been wholly in vain. Brinske alleges he went into the war as Cleveland's substitute for one-half the usual money consideration, on the express promise that if he returned from the army he should have assistance in securing a livelihood for the rest of his days.

Joseph Glahn.

Judge Joseph Hunolt, one of the Judges of the County Court of Shelby county, Mo., was assassinated two miles Northeast of Shelbyville, June 4, 1886. He had been to Leonard. He left Leonard about 4 o'clock in the evening and expected to be home at six o'clock. The morning following his son went to town for the purpose of ascertaining why the Judge did not come home the evening before. A large number of his neighbors, searching for the missing man, found his dead body lying in a thicket of brush, about 200 yards from the road, pierced with three balls, and with his throat cut. The horse which he rode was standing in the bushes within twenty feet of the murdered man, the saddle having considerable blood on it. Some think he was killed for his money, but others think he was assassinated by an enemy who had a grudge against him. Judge Hunolt was 50 years of age, and a very wealthy man. Jos. Glahn, the prisoner, was arrested on the tenth day of June, 1886, and was held for murder at the April term of the Shelby County Circuit Court, at which time he took a change of venue.

John Braynard.

Arthur Gladding, who has a boat and fish house at Coddington Point, R. I., discovered it broken open recently and several articles missing. Looking about he discovered a strange sailboat aground near by, occupied by a suspicious-looking young man, who, when approached by Gladding, showed fight, and levelled a shotgun at him. Gladding courageously attacked him, and before he subdued him the fellow drew a knife and slung-shot. Gladding finally mastered him, bound him with ropes and fastened him to a scow and started for the city and notified Police Officer Moore, who took the man and brought him to the police station. The fellow gave his name as John Braynard, and says he belongs in Baltimore. The boat is clinker built, about 13 feet long, sprit sail and jib, and was probably stolen. It contained a new compass, a two-barreled shotgun, a suit of oil clothes, a lot of books, etc. The police officials say he has been seen hanging about Newport, R. I., for the past month, and is suspected of being a sort of river pirate. When searched at the station two razors and two large bunches of keys, including several skeleton keys, were found in his pockets.



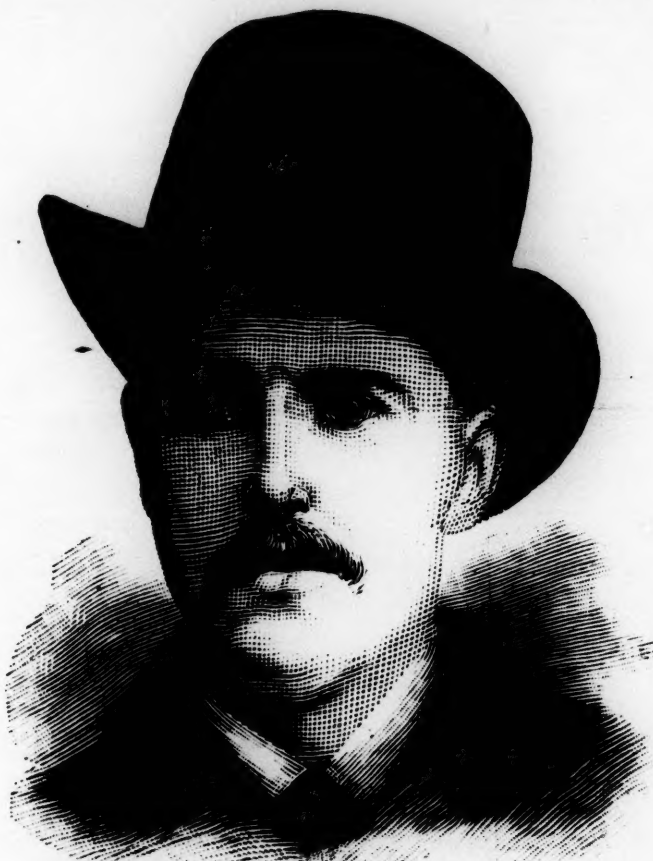
DRAGGED BY THE HAIR.

HOW EX-ASSEMBLYMAN IRA BUCKMAN OF BROOKLYN TOOK A HAND IN HIS BROTHER'S HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.



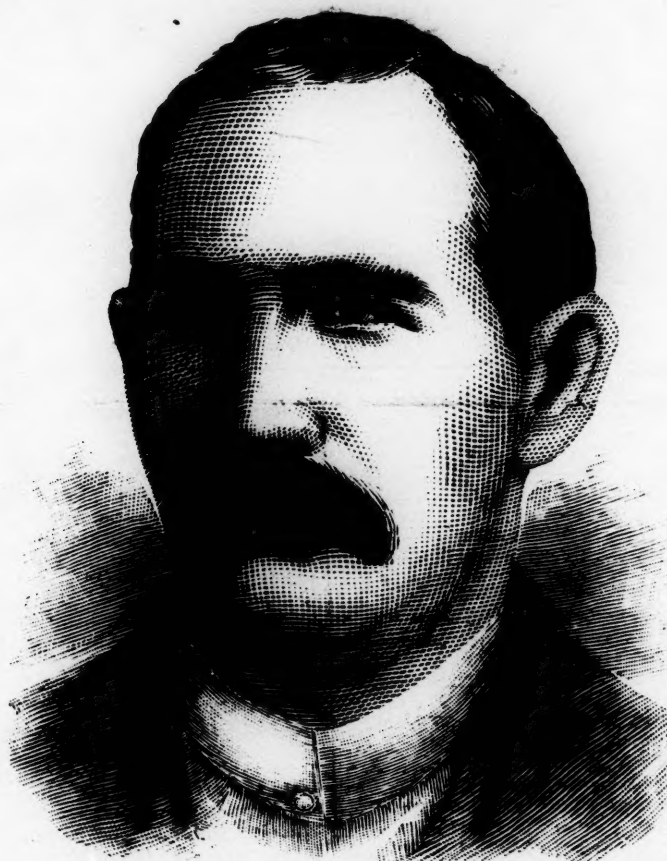
NELLIE SMITH,

WHOSE ROMANTIC LIFE AND DEATH HAS CAUSED SORROW AMONG MANY WORTHY CITIZENS OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



THOMAS TOFFERSON,

THE CAR DRIVER WHO WAS SHOT AND HIS CAR ROBBED BY SOME UNKNOWN OUTLAW, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



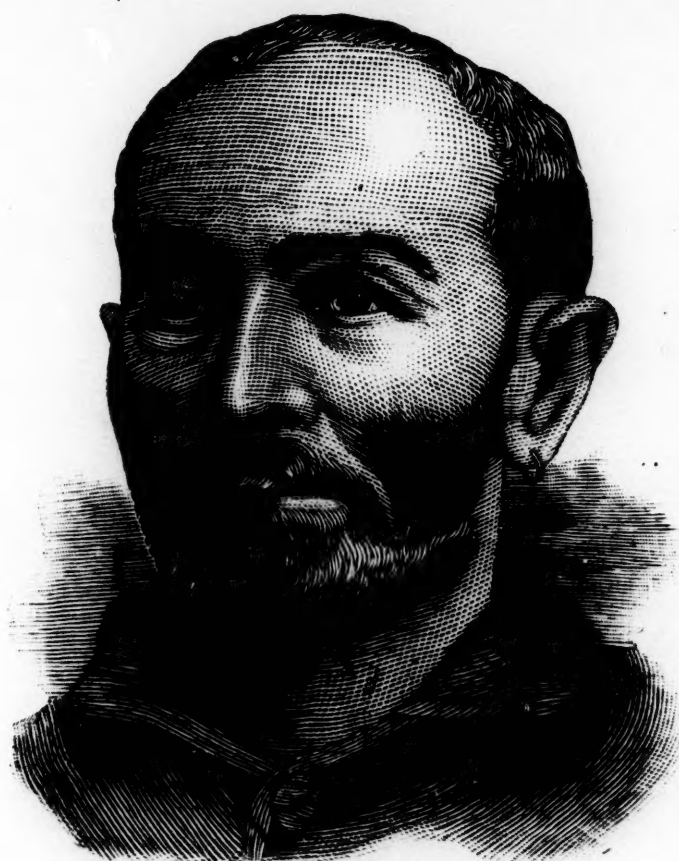
JOSEPH GLAHN,

WHO WAS TRIED RECENTLY FOR THE MURDER OF JUDGE JOSEPH HUNOLT OF THE COUNTY COURT OF SHELBY COUNTY, MO.



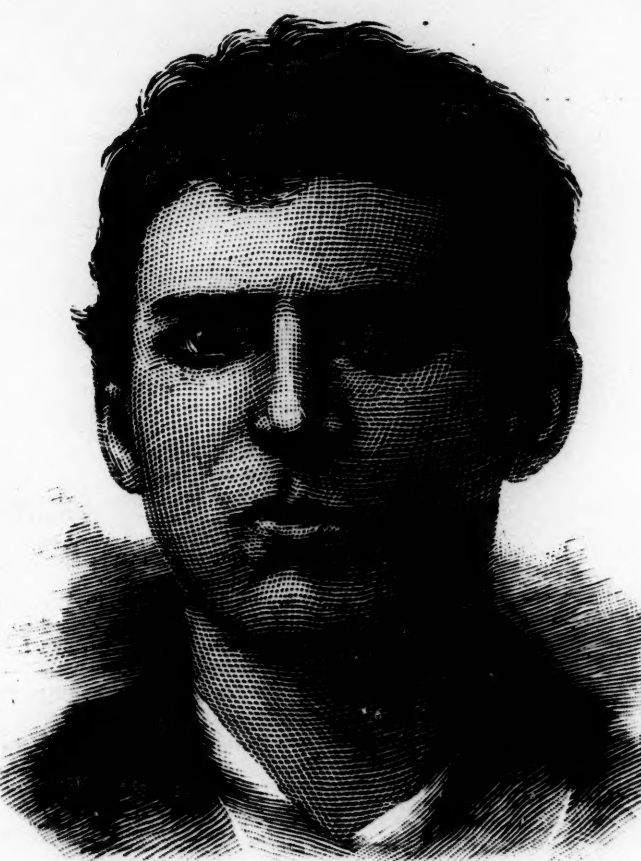
JOHN E. BODLEY,

THE ENTERPRISING SPORTING NEWSDEALER OF THE NORTHWEST WHO MAKES THINGS LIVELY AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



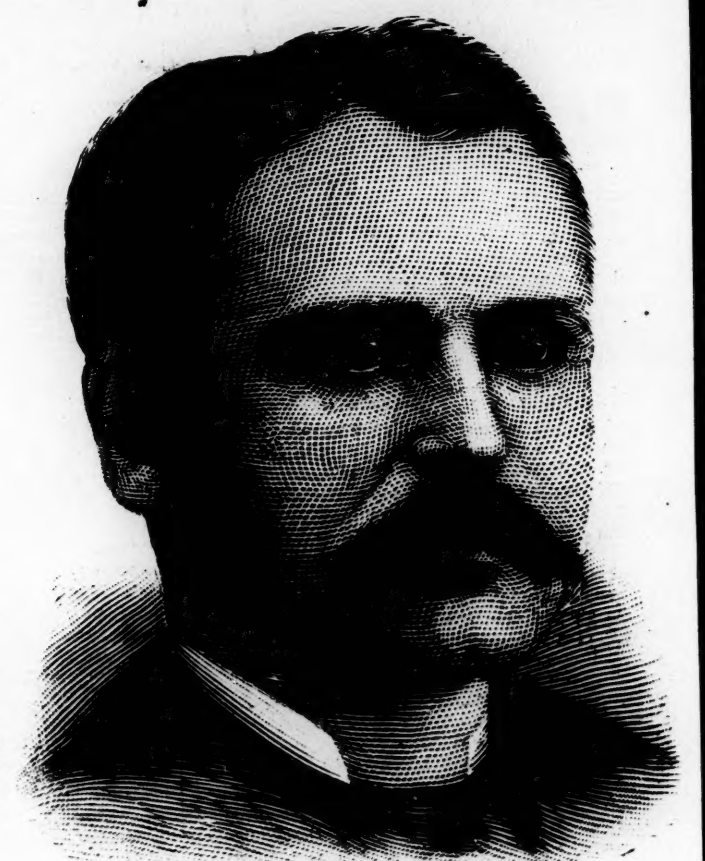
GEORGE BENSKÉ,

THE MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE GONE INTO THE ARMY AS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S SUBSTITUTE DURING THE REBELLION.



JOHN BRAYNARD,

A BOLD YOUNG PIRATE WHO WAS CAPTURED WITH HIS PLUNDER OFF NEWPORT, R. I., AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.



REV. ABBOTT WEST,

THE MINISTER WHO IS WANTED BY THE POLICE OF ST. LOUIS, MO., FOR THE SEDUCTION AND POISONING OF SUSIE BECK.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by GILBERT & MACON, Philadelphia, Pa.]

LIZZIE HIGHT,

A BEWITCHING STAR WITH HENSHAW AND TEN BROECK'S "TWO OLD CRONIES."



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX at the ELITE STUDIO, San Francisco, Cal.]

PATRICE,

THE CHARMING AND EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME YOUNG SOUBRETTI.



NINE VICTIMS.

A GHASTLY AND SANGUINARY SPECTACLE IN A FARM HOUSE NEAR MACON, GEORGIA, WHERE A FIEND HAD KILLED THE ENTIRE FAMILY.



KILLED HIS OWN DAUGHTER.

FRANK PITTMAN OF NEW YORK STABS HIS NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER TO PREVENT HER MARRYING THE MAN OF HER CHOICE.

NINE VICTIMS.

The Latest Bloody Tragedy
That Comes From
Georgia.

KILLS HIS FAMILY

T. G. Woolfolk is Accused of Doing
Away With the Whole
Household.

A GHASTLY CRIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Macon, Ga., Aug. 6, says: Nine corpses bespattered with blood and brains lay in a house thirteen miles from this city this morning, and were ghastly evidence of the most shocking murder ever committed in Georgia. In the hallway, red with blood, lay a half-handled axe, with which the nine-fold crime had been done. The first news of the crime was brought to this city early this morning by a mounted messenger, whose foam-flecked horse told of the terrible importance of the errand on which he had been ridden. The news spread through the city and surrounding country with incredible rapidity, and when the coroner and other county officials reached the scene fully 3,000 persons were awaiting their coming.

A more humble structure than that in which the crime was committed would be difficult to imagine. It is a one-story building, with a long veranda in front, and a hallway running through the centre, into which open four rooms. The house is the property of



T. G. WOOLFOLK.

Richard F. Woolfolk, a respectable and well-to-do white planter. On the right on entering is a parlor, in the rear of which is a sleeping room, which was occupied last night by the following persons: Mrs. West, an aged sister of Mrs. Woolfolk; Pearl, Annie and Rosebud Woolfolk, daughters of Mrs. Woolfolk. The sleeping room on the left of the entrance was occupied by Thomas, Richard and Charles Woolfolk, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Woolfolk. The rear room on the left was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Woolfolk and their youngest child, aged 18 months.

A ghastly sight confronted those who first entered the house after the discovery of the crime. In the last room the father, mother and infant lay dead on the same bed. Across the three corpses was slung that of the eldest daughter, Pearl, a recent graduate of Wesleyan Female College, with her head beaten to a jelly and her neck and body mutilated by blows from the sharp blade of the axe. On the floor, in the same mangled state, lay the body of the eldest brother. It was evident that Pearl and her brother had been awakened by cries during the butchering of their parents, and had rushed into the room to learn the cause only to share their fate. On the bed in the opposite room lay the body of Mrs. West, soaked in her own blood. On the same bed lay the body of Annie Woolfolk, with her head cloven in twain. By the window on the floor, in an attitude of supplication, lay the body of Rosalind Woolfolk, with the left side of the head so mangled as to make recognition almost impossible.

In the fourth room slept Thos. G. Woolfolk and his brothers, Richard and Charles. Richard was found dead in the room of his parents, as already described. Charles was found dead in his own room, killed in the same manner as the other members of the family, and presenting the same horrible spectacle.

The sight made the strongest hearts sick. Even the ceilings and walls were bespattered with blood and brains, and here and there pieces of flesh which had been flung from the uplifted axe clung to the walls and wainscoting. The crowd stood aghast, apparently dumfounded by the unparalleled horrors of the scene.

As soon as the officials could collect their senses steps to investigate the crime were begun. T. G. Woolfolk, the only survivor of the family, was questioned closely, and his replies were of such a nature that suspicion quickly pointed to him as the murderer. He was immediately placed under arrest. He protested his innocence, but viewed the blood-bespattered bodies with such unnatural composure that the crowd was soon infuriated and clamoring for his life. The coroner and other officials rallied around the prisoner and held the

crowd at bay, at the same time urging that a chance be given him to prove his innocence, if possible. These pleadings eventually impressed the throng, and it was agreed to await the result of the coroner's inquest, provided it be held immediately. The coroner accordingly impanelled a jury and proceeded with the investigation. Nothing was proved as to Woolfolk's guilt, but a great deal of circumstantial evidence fastened the chain around him tighter and tighter. As the inquest proceeded the frenzy of the crowd



WOOLFOLK'S GIN MILL.

increased, and it was with great difficulty that Sheriff Westcott appeased their fury and induced them to allow the law to take its course. By an artful maneuver he got the jury to withhold the verdict until he could at a convenient moment get his prisoner away, which he did quietly before the crowd was aware of it. While the sheriff, his aids and the prisoner were speeding toward this city, the jury brought a verdict of murder, with Woolfolk as the perpetrator. Subsequently Woolfolk's shirt, covered with blood, was found in the well, it having risen to the surface.

Woolfolk for the past twenty or twenty-three years has been engaged in business here. He ran a barroom and grocery store on Third street, and cheated and swindled everybody he came in contact with until he failed, when he disappeared for a time. Not long ago he opened a grocery and commission business on Cotton avenue, pursued the same policy, and soon failed the second time. In both instances, his father, who it was considered had considerable property, set him up in business. After his second failure, his father refused to longer back him, and told him he had squandered his portion of the estate. Woolfolk grew desperate, and married in a romantic way Miss Bird, in the hope that his father would give him more money.

His wife soon left him, because he was unable to support her, and Woolfolk, after driving a street car here for a few days, went to his father and engaged to work in the field for him by the month. It is said that the other day his father told him that he had done everything he could for him, and he intended to provide for his other children in his will. Woolfolk, who had been a crank on the subject of inheriting his father's wealth, made threats, it is said, that he would get possession of the property.

The theory is that he first killed his father, then the elder brother, Richard, in the doorway, who ran to see what was the matter; then his mother, and Mattie, the baby; then his sister Pearl, who also ran in, and his brother Charley, all of whom were found in the same room. Then, to complete the work of killing the heirs, he slaughtered his aunt and the other two sisters in the third room.

Woolfolk is of low stature, with dark complexion, dark hair and gray eyes. He dresses shabbily and has a shuffling gait. His statement at the inquest was that some time before daybreak he was aroused by groans and the sound of blows proceeding from his parents' room. His half brother Richard ran into the room which adjoined his, and, thinking that murder was being committed, he (Thomas) jumped from a window in his night clothes and bare feet and ran to the house of a negro, 300 or 400 yards distant, to get them to arouse the neighborhood. He says he was afraid to return, fearing that he himself would be murdered, but went back after half an hour. No help had arrived, and he went in to see if the family had been murdered. He found them all dead. He stepped in a pool of blood in passing and left foot prints on the floor. He found



THE SLAUGHTERED BROTHERS.

his step-mother lying so that her head was on the floor and her body on the bed. He raised her up and placed her on the bed. He then changed his clothes. After he had been lodged in jail in this city he talked of the crime coolly, but made no admission. His motive is said to be the desire to gain possession of his father's property for himself and his two sisters, children of the first wife.

Woolfolk was brought into the city this afternoon by Sheriff Westcott and Deputy Sheriff Spry, arriving at the jail about 4 o'clock. A large crowd filled with cu-

riosity followed the vehicle, and watched the prisoner as he was led into the jail. In a few minutes the jail-yard was thronged, a number of men beating against the outer door, clamoring for admission. There were some threats, but the crowd was orderly for the most part, and mainly anxious to get a look at the prisoner. He was conducted to the upper tier of cells and left in the corridor. It was there the reporter saw him. Woolfolk appeared perfectly calm, with not a trace of sorrow or remorse on his features. He was in his

shirt sleeves, his coat hanging on his arm. There was a touch of nervousness and occasional halt in his manner as he told his story, which was as follows:

My name is Thomas G. Woolfolk. I am 27 years old. I was married about three months ago. My wife has not been with me for a month or more. I have been at my father's house a week, working in the field for him for wages. Last night, about two hours before day, I heard a blow in my father's room, which was back of mine. My brothers Richard and Charlie were sleeping in the room with me. Richard is the next oldest brother, and is 20 years old. Soon I heard another blow and a groan proceeding from my father's room. I also heard him fall. My brother Richard ran into the room. Not having a weapon of any kind, I jumped out of the window at the head of my bed and ran down to Green Lockett's (a negro's) house, four hundred yards distant, to give the alarm to the neighbors. At the gate of our yard I heard my sister's scream. I sent Lockett to tell the neighbors, Messrs. Smith and Yates, and waited about half an hour for them to come. Meanwhile I went back to the house and went in through the hall to see if they were really murdered, and found that they were. Father and mother were on their bed, their heads crushed in. Mother's head was lying on the floor. I picked her up and felt of her. All had been killed with father's axe and were dead. Father was lying on the bed as usual. On the floor were my brothers, Charley and Richard, and my sister Pearl, twelve years old, who had run into the room and was killed there. I went in barefooted to the room where my aunt Mrs. West, eighty years old, and the children were sleeping. I found that all of them had been knocked in the head. The floors were covered with blood, hence my footprints. Annie, my sister, ten years old, was lying on the floor, and Rosalind, six years old, was in the bed.

At this point Woolfolk, stopping suddenly, said: "I am sick, and don't want to talk any more. Come tomorrow." He called to one of the prisoners for some water. He took a swallow, and used the rest to wash the blood from about and under his finger nails. He explained that the presence of the blood was due to his lifting the bodies.

KILLED HIS OWN DAUGHTER.

Frank Pittman Stabs His Child in Order to Prevent Her Marriage.

[SEE PAGE 5.]

Rachel Pittman, aged nineteen years, a pretty little brunette, was stabbed to the heart by her father, Frank Pittman, at their home, No. 88 Jackson street, the other night. She died instantly.

The only persons that witnessed the tragedy were the grandmother Rachel Cogdill, sixty years old, and



LOOKING AT ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

the murdered girl's sister Sadie, fifteen years old. The Pittmans have occupied the house where the murder occurred twelve years. It is on the southwest corner of Jackson and South streets, and is a two-story-and-a-half frame structure. The ground floor is occupied by the Old Ferry Point Club.

Besides Rachel there are four other children—Bella, aged seventeen years; Sadie, fifteen; Charley, seven, and Robert, four. The three girls were employed in

Robert Gair's paper-bag manufactory, No. 163 Chambers street. Their father is a laborer. The murder was the result of a love affair between Rachel and Franklin Lewis, a young man who resides at No. 338 Henry street, and is employed at the Glen Cove Starch Works. Rachel had a fair education, and her father intended that she should be the wife of somebody more than a laborer. About three weeks ago the father discovered that she had fallen in love with young Lewis, who had been visiting the family for three or four months. He remonstrated with her. She had a hasty temper, and declared that she was old enough to think and act for herself, and as she had to work for a living she would also select her own husband.

After several of these quarrels, when Rachel seemed to become more determined, her father two weeks ago lost his temper and struck the girl. This was more than she could bear, and without a word to her father, she kissed her sisters and her mother and left the house, declaring she would live there no longer. She sought shelter with an old friend named Rebecca Fream, of No. 33 Cannon street. She has since been boarding there. She kept her position in the paper-bag factory, but instead of turning over to her father, as was her custom, her weekly earnings, she retained them herself.

During the first few days of her absence from home some mischief-maker told her father that Rachel had been married to young Lewis. Last week, on Wednesday, Rachel came home to get some clothes, when her father upbraided her for her unfaithful action in marrying without consulting him. She denied being married, adding, however, that it was her intention soon to be. The old man threatened her with another chastisement, and said he would compel her to come home.

The girl began to fear her father, and having determined to go home to try on a new dress, she asked Lewis to accompany her home. They reached the house at 8:15. While the father sat in the front room smoking and entertaining Lewis the girl was in the back room trying on her new dress. She passed through the middle room into the front one, where her father and lover sat, to show her new garment, saying: "Doesn't it look nice?"

The lover smiled an approval, but her father at once returned to the old subject and said: "Rachel, ain't you coming back home to live?"

"No, I won't," replied the girl, "as long as you act like this," and with that she left the room. The two men continued talking about five minutes, when Pittman said he was going for a glass of water, and went into the back room. He had hardly been out there two minutes when Lewis heard both the father and Rachel



ESCAPE OF THE MURDERER.

talking quite loudly and the next instant a scream rang through the house. The door leading from the back room into the hallway was torn open and a scuffling of feet caused Lewis to rush into the hall from the front room door.

There he came upon Rachel staggering towards him, with her father following close upon her. She had only taken a few steps when she fell headlong upon the hall floor.

"For God's sake, don't kill her," cried Lewis, falling by the girl's side; to which the father replied: "Oh she ain't hurt," and returned to the back room and thence back to the front. Lewis picked up the senseless girl and carrying her into the room whence she had flown laid her upon the floor.

Meanwhile the girl's mother, who had been visiting up in Kent's rooms, hearing the shrieks and cries below, ran down, and with the aid of her mother and daughter Sadie, who witnessed the affair, tried to resuscitate Rachel. A doctor was sent for, but when the ambulance surgeon from Gouverneur Hospital arrived the girl was dead. When the father went into the back room he picked up one arm of an old carpenter's compass with which he cleaned his pipe. He was thus engaged when he renewed the quarrel with Rachel, and as the girl treated him with indifference he suddenly became frenzied and rushing upon her, struck at her with the steel. The first blow struck her in the arm, and just as she turned to face him another thrust took effect in her left breast. Her grandmother rushed to the girl's rescue and herself got one of the blows intended for Rachel.

Pittman went into the front room, and his wife, looking to see what next he was going to do, saw him throw something out of the window. On realizing what he had done he knelt down by his daughter's side, and kissing her face and the wound in her breast, he murmured to himself: "Oh, Rachel, you are the only child I loved."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT ON A BICYCLE.

A special from San Francisco, August 3, says: George W. Nellis, jun., arrived from New York to-day, having made the trip on a bicycle. He started May 24, and lost fifteen days by rough weather, and lost twenty-three pounds in weight. He averaged fifty miles a day. He made the trip in the interest of sporting newspapers.

BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green
Diamond of America's
National Game.



William Brown.

William Brown, who is one of the most promising of all the new men secured by the New York club, hails from California. On the Pacific slope he was looked upon as one of the coming men. He is a muscular, raw-boned young man, over 6 feet tall and weighing about 190 pounds. Brown played with several of the California League clubs, and for the greater part of last winter caught for Van Haltern, the phenomenal pitcher, who so many of the leading clubs of the country were anxious to secure, but who finally signed with President Nimitz, of the Pittsburgh club. Manager Mutrie is well pleased with the style in which he catches and throws to bases, as well as his batting and base running. Brown seems to be a little timid in his ways, but it will soon wear off him. He has that same fearless and reckless style of playing that Jemmy Denny has, and has made that player so popular this side of the Rocky Mountains. Before the season is half over Brown will be well broken in, and then look out for one of the most brilliant catchers in the profession. He and Welch will make a fine battery, and the smiling little twirler will do great work with Brown as his receiver. With Brown behind the bat and Ewing on second base there is little show for those players who are inclined to pilfer bases.

As a grand success Lip Pike proved a dead failure with the Mets.

It cost the Hartford club \$4,500 in cold cash to find out that they couldn't make it go in that city.

It was a diamond and not paste that President Stern parted with when he let Jack Boyle go to the St. Louis Browns.

Helen Dauvrey has had enough of free advertising to pay for the prizes she is giving the players one hundred times over.

There are two things which never have agreed and never will agree, and they are good ball playing and good whiskey.

Brooklyn is one of the best ball towns in the United States, but it is a long way off from having one of the best ball teams in the country.

Break away! break away! yes, that is what Kuehne of the Pittsburghs is trying to do from his wife. The divorce papers have already been served on her.

Even the Mets are making a bluff in that percentage business, and trying to leave people under the impression that their existence almost hinges on that point.

The giants seem to be playing better ball under Ewing than they did under Ward.—Er. We should say so if their games in Detroit and Chicago is a fair sample of it.

There is no half-way doing about Bobby Caruthers. When he gets sick, he gets sick all over, and Von der Ahe has to nurse him as though he was some rare and delicate bird.

An exchange says: "Anson is forty years of age, and Deacon White thirty-nine." They may be somewhere near right on Anson, but they have just made a mistake of fifty years on Deacon White's age.

Jimmy Peoples, of the Brooklyn club, wants to be tried in but one position—the presidency of the club—and then Brooklyn will not be large enough to hold him. For pity's sake, Mr. Byrne, call him down.

The Boston "Herald" has gone almost crazy on the subject of who is the best ball player. Now it offers to send the Herald free for one year to the person who can give it the name of the best player in the country.

John B. Day was smiling pleasantly when all of a sudden his chin slipped and fell down on his chest, as though he had had a touch of paralysis. He had only been shown the score of the 2 to 0 game in Pittsburgh.

The bum ball playing of the New Yorks in Detroit and Chicago, on their trip through the West, lays as heavy on the stomach of the New York public as though it had swallowed a top of lead and was quietly trying to digest it.

Whenever the baseball interest begins to slacken a little the public are brought around again by some snide scheme like getting them to guess who is the best general player, the best base runner, the best thrower, etc., etc.

The Detroit people are great winners, but unquestionably the hardest losers on the face of the globe. They lauded their club to the skies while it was a League winner, but the moment it began losing they did nothing but abuse the players out of all character.

The Louisville journals are shouting about the wonderful drawing card the Louisville club is when away from home. Well, we should say it does draw. It is just as attractive as vinegar is to flies. Is it any wonder that Louisville advocates the percentage plan.

The Detroiters are beginning to realize the difference between an express and an emigrant train. They began the season in the former, but are now traveling in the latter. It does not agree with some of the boys who have been laid up by the change in their gait.

In last Friday's Brooklyn-Baltimore game at Washington Park, Brooklyn, Porter had his hand so badly injured that he had to retire from the game. Jack McMasters tried water on the damaged hand, but he soon discovered that water and porter would not mix.

Where is that Bloomingdale candidate that offered to bet that the New Yorks would come home in second place, which they were to get on this trip? Inspector Byrne and his men are looking for the fellow. It won't be well for him if anybody in this city meets him.

Von der Ahe is making a big bluff to secure the percentage plan, but he doesn't know what he is stacking up against when he gives his bluff to Charles Byrne, as Byrne has been there before, and has met many, many, mappy such men as Chik, and is not the man to be taken in.

The portrait presented to Galvin, of the Pittsburghs, was the dead image of him, and a masterly piece of workmanship on the part of the artist, who simply took a hoghead and touched it up around the bungle, and it was the most perfect representation of Galvin you ever saw.

So George Gore stole a base while in the West. It is not so great an offense that there should be such a time made over it. However we have repeatedly advised Mutrie to keep his eye on Gore or he would be doing something or other that would bring a censure on the New York club.

Holy mother of sour pickles! what a monkey and parrot time Byrne and Caylor had of it at Ridgewood Park Sunday, July 31. If that is the kind of familiarity which exists in the American Association camp, then everything goes. Calling a man a "God damned liar" counts just the same as giving him a kiss.

There was a drunken row in the grand stand at Omaha and it commenced increasing in size until it got beyond control of the police, and no doubt they would all be fighting yet were it not for the two nines hopping in with their bats and clearing out the grand stand as though it had been swept by a cyclone.

It is wonderful the fine effect the presence of John B. Day had upon the New York nine. The boys have great respect for him, and whenever he is with them they play ball for all it is worth, for he doesn't think anything of slapping a \$200 fine on a man, and when he puts it on it goes, and no one knows that better than the boys.

There is considerable hard feeling between the Cincinnati and Louisville clubs, and by a little scientific angling they have succeeded in getting the papers of the two cities to blackguard each other. This doesn't look like a very healthy state of affairs for the American Association. Yet Zach Phelps says the Cincinnati and Louisville clubs are the best of friends.

Pete Browning declares that "Tip" O'Neill must stand in with the official scorers. "Why," said Pete, "he hasn't made a hit in nine games and I've been hittin' the ball on the nose, and yet he leads the Association." Yes, but Pete must remember that most of his hits have resulted in fines, and that his eyes are too blurred to see when "Tip" O'Neill does make a base hit.

Says Manager Mutrie: Pittsburgh is playing a remarkable game. We pounded Morris badly in the game he pitched against us, but the support he got was wonderful. I never saw any team give a finer exhibition of fielding.—Er. Rats. Mutrie says everything but his prayers. Were he a little more devout the New Yorks might be in a better position than they now occupy.

All that the engagement of Burch, formerly of the Brooklyn, by the Denver management hinges on is \$150 advance money which Burch demands. Burch is a very level-headed young man, and he knows if he gets that advance he will have that amount, and it is all he ever will get from the Denver club, for if he plays ball out there anything like he played in Brooklyn they can't drum him out of the town fast enough.

The Denver players were not getting along very well together, so the management touched up Sprout, the disturbing element, for a portion of his salary, a cool \$250, and a vacation without pay, and since then the rest of the players have been playing as though their lives were at stake. There is nothing like taking the bull by the horns right from the very start. It is fair to predict that there is not another member of the Denver club that will court fine this season.

Some ball players are their own worst enemies. There are men playing ball and receiving princely salaries, that couldn't make \$5 a week at any other line of business, and it is just this class of men that are a disgrace to the arena. The moment they get their month's salary, the amount is so enormous they don't know what to do with it, and they act as though they couldn't spend it fast enough, so they invariably invest in a pot of paint and go around decorating the town.

It served the conductor right. What business has any car conductor to interfere with a ball player when he is putting a fresh coat of paint on a car? Peckney, formerly of the Cleveland, was busily engaged with some fancy scroll work on the rear platform of a street car in Cincinnati, when the very fresh conductor interfered, and Peckney—like a true knight of the ash—got at and nearly thumped the life out of the conductor, and would have been pouncing him yet if the police had not invited him to a reception at the station house.

"Is the baseball player a chattel?" Johnny Ward will kind of imagine he is in case John B. Day sells him to the Pittsburgh Club, and it is by no means a certainty that he will not. Since the Pittsburgh club made that offer of \$10,000 for Ward, they have informed Mr. John B. Day that they stood ready to raise the ante if it was a question of money which was causing him to hold off. Mr. Day packed his grip and left for Pittsburgh Aug. 1, which had sort of a suspicious look, in spite of his declaration that he would not sell Ward for \$50,000.

Caylor is afraid that Mike Lane will give the Mets a better record than they deserve, and while he is bitterly opposed to any such partiality, he doesn't like to offend Lane by speaking to him in reference to the matter, so he is going at him in a roundabout way, by suggesting that a regular staff of official scorers be appointed, one for each city. They should be appointed and be under salary 'ust as the umpires are. He claims that the system would be a check against favoritism. This is simply a polite way of driving the knife up to the hilt in his friend Lane.

Jack Farrell missed his man in Jerry Sullivan. There was a close play at second base. Jack called for judgment, and Jerry said not out. Farrell dropped to the ground like a dead man, which of course left the crowd under the impression that Sullivan had made a shamefully unjust decision. It didn't break Jerry up, even a little bit. He simply stopped the game, walked down to second base, and said to Farrell: "Here, you are too good a man to be wasting your life in the baseball business, you ought to be an actor. Now, if you give me any more of your theatrical business, I'll fine you \$500."

"In all the time he was Captain of the New Yorks, Johnny Ward is said to have fined but three men—Keele, Connor and Deasley.—Exchange. Come off! What is the matter with Tommy Esterbrook? He used to fine Tommy for the most trivial offense, and persecute him beyond all character. On one occasion he fined Tommy five dollars for not running to second when he was ordered to do so, and Tommy caught Johnny in the very same predicament and said, "Why don't you fine yourself?" Ward replied, "That will just cost you five more." Johnny Ward is a very nice little gentleman when he is not your boss, but give him the reins in his hand and he is one of those cold-blooded gentlemen who will keep you guessing all the time.

The "only" Kelly, Boston's \$10,000 "beauty," has a very bad tongue, which he has to keep chained in his head, even though he is compelled to wear a muzzle. While in Indianapolis, recently, his muzzle was removed until he could get a drink of water, and before he could realize anything his tongue broke loose from its moorings, and dragging anchor, opened a most abusive tirade upon the press in general, and amid the hisses and jeers of the crowd he finally gained control of his ungovernable waggon, and by sheer brute force dragged it back into its stall. Here it was very firmly lashed to dock, and it is hardly likely Kelly will allow it to get away from him any more.

One of the Boston papers, a short time since, asked its readers to send in their opinions as to who was the best general player. They have come in and been published. There were nearly 700 answers. Morrill got 321, Kelly 123, Anson 83, and the rest of the count was split up in small numbers among various players. The paper now boasts of the fine send-off Morrill gets. Hold up; there is another thing we have got to take into consideration, laying all joking to one side, and looking at this matter in a serious light—what kind of a circulation has that paper got? They invite all of their readers to send in their opinions, and then boast because they have received nearly seven hundred. This looks like a dead give-away as to the number of readers they have. It strikes us that they are sacrificing the good name of the paper in their efforts to find out who is the best general player. It will not be surprising to hear of this paper losing all of its "ade" through this rash movement, and if they do, they are bound to go under, for they can never pay expenses with their nearly 700 readers, even if they do economize by eating beans three times a day.

PARIS UNVEILED.

A Resumption of M. Mace's
Interesting Exposure of
French Villainy.

JANE GLAY.

The "Black Band" and the Mysterious Headquarters They Have
Established.

BOLD SMUGGLING.

(Copyrighted by Richard K. Fox, according to act of Congress. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLACK BAND.

"Professional thieves know the establishments where they can meet and reside in absolute security and use them as regular boarding houses.

"Beer saloons, hotels, restaurants—all are regularly 'hooked' among the archives and memoranda of traveling crooks. They give each other points and, by means of conventional signs indicate to each other the character of these various resorts—distinguishing for example between places where they can be served with drinks and those where they can obtain eatables as well.

"Refuges of this kind are indicated according to their importance and convenience by a light sketch representing a locomotive, a boat, an omnibus, a street car or a cab.

"These signs leave nothing to be desired in the way of exactness. I have seen some which went so far as to designate the price of drinks.

"The proprietors of such resorts are well acquainted with the true character of their customers, whom they favor in every possible way, and conceal by ingenious subterfuges from the pursuit of the police.

"All these places are constructed with especial reference for their use by criminals. Among other conveniences, they have several means of exit through which closely-hunted crooks can rapidly and easily make their escape.

"A Prefect of Police who really wants to keep up with the movements of criminals in Paris, ought to be thoroughly advised of what takes place there night and day. He should be wise enough and shrewd enough not to trust too implicitly to the information furnished by his agents, and by personal scrutiny and inspection ought to correct the frequently inaccurate and therefore useless reports made by his subordinates on the state of the public morals.

"The den, or perhaps I ought to call it the tavern, which we are just entering is situated not very far from the opera, it stands near the Rue Faubourg-Montmartre, and it serves as an asylum for several varieties of criminals. Although they know each other well, they make it a point while stopping here never to recognize one another.

"The predecessor of the big, handsome blonde fellow who sits at the desk was a German from Berlin. He had for a favorite customer, Jane Glay, a wonderfully beautiful girl of 25 years, with eyes of childish innocence, who was clever enough in 1874 to escape from the prison of St. Lazare made up in the disguise of a Sister of Charity.

"She was one of the most skillful members of a gang of pickpockets, who were under the protection and control of a fellow, who, under the pretext of rendering him political services, became the intimate friend of the manager of the establishment.

"This band of thieves, well-known as they were in London, made this place their refuge in exile.

"The political agent, who was arrested and sentenced with the rest when a raid was made on the gang, died recently in London in a very mysterious manner.

"This, then, is an important den," remarked the Prefect.

"Very important, and one of its most curious features is that it is patronized by a Senator and a Deputy."

"That is a very serious statement to make."

"Serious, it is true, but a statement which I ought to make to you as Prefect of Police, Monsieur. But it ought not to surprise you, seeing that I have already pointed out to you a licensed house of ill-fame which is the property of one of the most prominent functionaries of the President's office."

"Perhaps he inherited it. It is not always easy to make a change in property when it comes to you in the shape of a legacy."

"Very true. But in this particular instance the heir, as soon as he got absolute control of the property retained the tenant. At the same time he resolved to cut down the infamous profits of the latter, so he raised her rent.

"In this place foreigners always register themselves as bookmakers, and Frenchmen always put themselves down as commercial travelers. The habits, as you see, without being very well or distinguished looking, have a very decent and respectable appearance. They expend reasonably large amounts on their meals and refreshments. Just see. While we are content with a modest fillet at the next table they are eating roast venison."

"Isn't the venison season closed?"

"Certainly. And it has been closed for some time. But that doesn't prevent its being served to whoever orders it in this house. Nearly all the eatables here, like the cooks and the waiters, are of foreign origin. One fellow who serves us is a Swiss. Drop twenty francs (\$4) into his hands and order without the least hesitation its equivalent in tobacco, cigars, playing cards or matches—all smuggled—and as you make your exit the contraband goods you purchase will be

dropped into your pocket or slipped under your arm."

"Do they ever get caught?"

"Frequently; but they pay their fines without defense or hesitation."

"How do they obtain these contraband articles?"

"From secret companies and associations which trade in foreign countries. They forward to their accomplices packages hidden in goods which pay duty. In this manner, last year, so say the statistics, no less than a million playing cards were smuggled into France."

"Our country is fairly inundated with contraband tobacco and cigars, and the ingenuity of the smugglers, who seem to strike a new device each day, has already succeeded in diminishing the receipts of the Treasury to a considerable, not to say alarming, extent."

"The Parisian accomplices of these secret organizations are known as the Black Band. There are some of them seated at table clear down the other end of the room on our right."

"There are usually twenty of them, and they make so many combinations and so many changes of appearance that the law finds it impossible as a rule to put its hand on them."

"Usually well educated and adroit, with no real profession and belonging to no recognized social class, they form, without any formality or actual organization, a nameless society which takes all sorts of forms and embarks in all sorts of enterprises."

"The members, who are united by a common interest, are absolutely faithful to each other, and are never under any circumstances guilty of treachery to one another."

"They cook up letters of credit, negotiate loans at usurious rates of interest, discount commercial paper backed by insolent rascals, who get from five to twenty francs for their signatures. They also make a living by 'bilking' manufacturers who are foolish enough to let them have goods on credit."

"These free-masonic crooks—for their order is as well 'tiled' as Masonry itself—get through a vast deal of work every day."

"Some of them devote themselves exclusively to blackmail, and many a family has been afflicted with dishonor, even suicide, at their hands."

"The working classes have a faint idea what they eat. But they are absolutely ignorant of the nature of the various fluids which they drink. As a rule, their beverages are nameless poisons fraught with the most dangerous consequences to life and health. There is nothing of the grape in their wines, and their brandy is simply a simulative chemical product."

"Thanks to the diffusion of intelligence the working people understand why official raids are made in their behalf on the cook-shops, the restaurants, dairies, groceries, wine shops and confectioners of the metropolis. They include, in the 'Black Band' dishonest butchers and dealers in unwholesome meats and other viands. In like manner do they categorize peddlers and hawkers who sell their merchandise with false weights and measures."

"Middle-class people call members of the 'Black Band' those tradesmen who corrupt their servants with commissions and presents."

"Is there no such thing as honesty in trade?" inquired the Prefect.

"Certainly there is. Only an honest tradesman, like a virtuous woman, is never talked about."

"It is a pity," said the Prefect, "that the great discoveries of science, while they have contributed to the happiness and welfare of man, have also contributed to his dangers and injuries. Progress in chemistry, for example, has not merely helped the arts and increased human comfort. It has made the work of the adulterator of food easy and safe, and, worst of all, profitable. Honest trade has to suffer, and a premium is put upon commercial rascality and fraud. So far as I am concerned, I shall leave nothing undone to put a stop to tricks and devices in commerce. Have we many such establishments as this headquarters of the 'Black Band'?"

"Too many for the good of Paris. Luckily, however, none of them are as prosperous and profitable as this."

"The proprietor of a well-known beer shop recently told a prosecuting officer that no house of the kind could exist upon the business of strictly honest and square people. If it were not for 'crooks' and prostitutes he would have to put up his shutters."

"This place, towards 1 o'clock in the morning, undergoes a very decided change. Crayfish and onion soup are to be seen on all the various tables which are crowded by 'lovers' and their girls to whom the Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre serves as a rallying point."

At this moment a young man stopped the Chief and handed him a small packet, remarking:

"You left this on the counter, sir."

The Chief smiled as he took the package.

"That was a smart waiter. He made up his mind to identify me as a 'runner' for smugglers so he puts on me this bundle of contraband cigars. It compromises me and it reassures the smugglers sitting inside."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DID SHE KILL HER STEPFATHER?

A correspondent at Nelsonville, Ohio, telegraphs August 6: Mrs. Leona Jackson, a grass widow, was arrested here to-day, charged with the murder of her stepfather, John Calvin, a farmer living in Vinton county. Last night she had a quarrel with Calvin, and after he had retired some one entered his room and stabbed him six times with a butcher knife, two wounds being in the abdomen and one in the region of the heart. Calvin will die. Sympathy runs with the woman, who was cruelly maltreated by her stepfather. She was taken to McArthur for preliminary trial.

MURDERED BY HIS PRISON MATE.

A special from San Francisco, Aug. 3, says: Nichols Panoliedo, a Greek, confined in the county jail in this city, this morning murdered his cell mate, George H. Marshall, who was awaiting trial on a charge of grand larceny. The weapon used was a pocket knife. Marshall was stabbed in a dozen places. Guards were around, but Panoliedo refused them admittance to his cell and held them at bay with his knife for two hours. He was finally shot in the hip by the Deputy Sheriff, when he was overpowered and his knife taken from him.

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A special from New Orleans, Aug. 3, says: A terrible domestic tragedy occurred yesterday at Bay St. Louis, Miss. John Ladner, in a fit of jealousy, beat his wife almost to death with a heavy stick. When his wife, covered with blood, which flowed from a dozen severe cuts on the head and neck, had fallen apparently lifeless at his feet, he picked up a pair of scissors and drove one of the blades through his own heart, causing instant death. Mrs. Ladner's recovery is doubtful.



SIGNING THE ARTICLES FOR THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL

THE GREAT HISTORIC SCENE WHICH OCCURRED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LONDON "SPORTING
HIS NAME TO THE GREATEST BELLICOSH DO

[From a Drawing Expressly Made for Richard K. M.]



ATIONAL FIGHT FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

"SPORTING LIFE," WHEN JEM SMITH, AT THE SUGGESTION OF RICHARD K. FOX, PUTS
COSY DOCUMENT OF MODERN PUGILISM.

Richd. K. Fox by his Special Artist.]

PUGILISTIC NEWS

The Coming Battle Between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith Fully Discussed.

RICHARD K. FOX TALKS.

He Has Full Confidence in the Ability of the Representative of America to Conquer.

THE REAGAN-HENRY DRAW.

Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, will be the third champion of America that has crossed the Atlantic to engage in an international title battle for the championship of the world. In 1859 John C. Heenan went over to fight Tom Sayers for the small stakes of \$1,000 a side and the champion belt of England. The fight was decided at Farnborough, England, on April 17, 1859. The battle was a terrific one, Sayers being knocked down or thrown nearly every round. After thirty-seven rounds had been fought in 2 hours & 6 minutes the referee left the ring. Seven rounds more were fought, when Sayers' friends seeing that their champion was whipped, cut the ropes, and the battle ended in a wrangle. The stakes were drawn and each pugilist was presented with a champion belt. Heenan was never paid for and he had to return it. John C. Heenan returned to America and later again went to England to arrange a match with Tom King for \$10,000. The great \$2,000 contest between King and Heenan took place at Wadsworth, December 10, 1863. King weighed 182 pounds, and was seconded by Jerry Noon and Bob Tyler. Heenan's weight was 192 pounds, and he had Jack Macdonald and Tom Sayers for his seconds. First blood was awarded to King in the second round, and also the fight, in 25 rounds, 25 minutes. The eighteenth and nineteenth rounds will be found especially interesting.

Round 18.—Heenan was blowing, bleeding from the eye, and swollen greatly about the cheek and nose. After some rather shifting sparring, King went headlong in, and after one left-handed counter succeeded in his aim by getting inside Heenan's guard, and administering some very heavy punishment with both hands, literally driving Heenan to the ropes, when the latter turned around, and, seizing hold of King around the waist, lifted him up in his arms and, after giving him a swing, back-heeled Tom and fell heavily upon him. King's head came with fearful force upon the ground, and when Heenan was lifted off him he was unconscious, and it required all the skill and attention of his seconds to bring him to anything like a sense of his position. The backers of King were uproarious, and Bill Richardson's gang consequently chaffed him.

19.—Great confusion was created by Tom King's mob breaking into the ring, and it was with difficulty that Smith, the referee, could get it cleared. This, as a matter of course, afforded King an interval of two minutes' rest, and when the men faced each other King made one of his desperate rushes and got well home with both hands on the mouth and left cheek. He then forced Heenan to the ropes, where he administered some severe punishment, and to the surprise of all quite turned the tables. This raised the drooping spirits of his friends to perfect ecstasy, and as King was carried to his corner he was received with the most uproarious shouts of applause and congratulation, while the turn things had taken in this round had a corresponding effect upon the American's backers, their hopes being dashed to the lowest ebb.

From this time King had the fight pretty much his own way. Heenan suddenly getting weakened, apparently stupefied, and being at his opponent's mercy ever afterward, until with his head twice its natural size, and helpless as a child, Macdonald threw up the sponge, after the men had fought 25 rounds in 35 minutes. Heenan was seized with a violent fit of vomiting, and was a pitiful object every way. After King's victory over Heenan, Coburn challenged the winner to fight in Canada for \$10,000. In due time King replied, stating that he had resolved to fight no more. Coburn was particularly desirous of getting on with "the cleverest man in all England," and while awaiting King's answer forwarded another challenge with the same conditions to "Jem Mac or any man in England." The latter wouldn't agree to fight in America on any condition, however, but offered to do so in Ireland, which Coburn unhesitatingly agreed to. Coburn at once made preparations for the journey, and on May 12, 1864, following sailed for Ireland, in company with Jim Cusack and Jim Dunn, in the City of Washington. They arrived at their destination May 27, and arrangements were immediately made to fight at Piers-town, Parish of Kilmara, County of Tipperary, Ireland, for \$10,000, Coburn to receive \$100 for expenses. Coburn appeared in the ring at the appointed time on the 4th of October, 1864, but "Jem" was not there, having "scattered" for England the night previous, in consequence of the failure to agree upon a referee. It would, indeed, be too much to say that the details of what followed. Suffice it to know that on October 14 Coburn received the \$100 and returned to New York November 2, 1864.

The following are the rules which will govern the international prize fight between Kilrain and Smith:

1. That the ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four-and-twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch.
2. That each man shall be attended to the ring by two seconds and a bottle-holder. That the combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position, which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto; the loser taking the opposite diagonal corner.
3. That each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds shall entwine those handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. That these handkerchiefs shall be called "Colors," and that the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.
4. The two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules hereafter stated. That a referee shall be chosen by the umpires, unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or the issue of the battle. That the referee shall be provided with a watch for the purpose of calling time; the call of that referee only to be attended to, and no other person whatever shall interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.
5. That on the men being stripped it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arises as to insertion of improper substances therein they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.
6. That the spikes in the fighting boots shall be confined to three in number, which shall not exceed three-eighths of an inch from the sole of the boot, and shall not be less than one-eighth of an inch broad at the point; two to be placed in the broadest part of the sole and one in the heel; and that in the event of a man's wearing any other spikes, either in the toes or

elsewhere, he shall be compelled either to remove them or provide other boots properly spiked, the penalty for refusal to be a loss of the stakes.

7. That, both men being ready, each shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen, and the seconds on the one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately leave the ring and there remain till the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principals during the round without permission from the referee, the penalty being the loss of the battle to the offending parties.

8. That at the conclusion of the round, when one or both the men shall be down, the seconds shall step into the ring and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

9. That on the expiration of thirty seconds the referee appointed shall cry "Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his second and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided; the seconds immediately leaving the ring. The penalty for either of them remaining eight seconds after the call of time to be lost of the battle to his principal; and either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

10. That on no consideration whatever shall any person, except the seconds or the referee, be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes or stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

11. That the seconds shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

12. That in picking up their men, should the seconds wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the referee.

13. That it shall be a fair "stand up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14. That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15. That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

16. That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and that, in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the thigh, or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

17. That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.

18. That kicking, or deliberately falling on an antagonist with the knees or otherwise when down, shall be deemed foul.

19. That all bets shall be paid as the battle money, after a fight is awarded.

20. The referee and umpires shall take their positions in front of the centre stake, outside the ropes.

21. That due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee; that all parties be strictly bound by these rules; and that in the future all articles of agreement for a contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22. That in the event of magisterial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee for stakeholder in case no referee has been chosen, shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day, or as soon after as may be. In naming the second or third place the nearest spot shall be selected to the original place of fighting where there is a chance of its being fought out.

23. That should the fight not be decided on the day all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the referee's duties shall continue and the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. The battle money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon, or, in case of a postponement, one of the principals shall be absent, when the man in the ring shall be awarded the stakes.

24. That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25. That on an objection being made by the seconds or umpire the men shall retire to their corners and there remain until the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; that if pronounced "foul," the battle shall be at an end; but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision in all cases to be given promptly and irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

26. That if a man leaves the ring, either to escape punishment or for any other purpose, without the permission of the referee, unless he is involuntarily forced out, shall forfeit the battle.

27. That the use of hard substances, such as stones, or sticks, or of resin in the hand during the battle, shall be deemed foul, and that on the regulation of the seconds of either man the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28. That hugging on the ropes shall be deemed foul. That a man held by the neck against the stakes, or upon or against the ropes, shall be considered down, and all interference with him in that position shall be foul. That if a man in any way makes use of the ropes or stakes to aid him in squeezing his adversary, he shall be deemed the loser of the battle; and that if a man in a close reaches the ground with his knees, his adversary shall immediately leave him or lose the battle.

29. That all glove or room fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with the foregoing rules.

The London *Sporting Life* on July 27 published a portrait of Jem Smith, Jake Kilrain, Richard K. Fox, John Fleming and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and the following: "We are pleased to welcome Mr. Richard K. Fox to our shores. The proprietor of the New York *Police Gazette* has done his best to promote and popularize amongst American people all those manly pursuits and pastimes to which Great Britain in a great measure owes its existence as a nation. There are many proofs that Mr. Richard K. Fox is a sportsman to the manner born. He was the backer of Ryan in his memorable fight with Sullivan (late champion of America) for \$2,500 a side, and had been of a mercenary turn of mind, could have claimed forfeit, but like a true sportsman refused, though his protégé was subsequently worsted in the encounter. In sculling, pedestrianism and all other cognate athletic pursuits he has been, 'across the water,' the stay and support of numerous champions. He now brings us a pugilistic champion. Well, we shall see. *Autem tempus, autem meum*. Times change and men change with them. There has been a change in this country, and not for the better. We (the *Sporting Life*) are no friends of effeminate and mawkish culture. Time was when Englishmen delighted in 'thwacks' and 'thumps.' In those old days of Britain's hardihood, we built up our Great Empire. We are essentially a militant people. When we cease to be so, England—good old England—will be simply a name that is remembered. It has been remarked by a certain philosopher that the great human struggle of the world results in the survival of the 'fittest.' Had he said the 'fittest,' we should agree with him. We are of opinion that the prohibition and subsequent decadence of the 'noble art of self-defence' has materially injured the sleekness and spirit of the sons and defenders of this country. Look at the long roll of English pugilistic champions! Can you point to one who was not gentle in his strength and peaceable in his might? Pugilism, no doubt, had an undesirable fringe, which, like a parasite, eat up the plant. But what of the other institutions of this glorious country? What of the cankers of a calm world and a long peace? What of the gen-

teel swashbucklers and polite bullies who are the production of our latter-day civilization? But we will pursue the theme no further. In the young country across the herring pond we see that a vigorous sporting literature has sprung forth from healthy minds among a free and prosperous people. The citizens of the United States of America are not troubled with a Mother Hubbard policy. They give knocks and take knocks, and we are pleased to see that the good old breezy Saxon spirit exists amongst them. The meeting in our office yesterday has only one parallel. That parallel is the arrangement for the Sayers and Heenan fight, the exciting and contradictory details of which famous combat will live in the hearts of Englishmen till England is no more. We have but one word to say. May the best man win. We shall offer Jake Kilrain a hearty welcome and a fair field. If the victor he shall have our esteem; if the vanquished, he will, in addition to the Old Country's esteem, command its sympathy and respect. In the meantime, we pin our faith to our champion, Jem Smith, and say, 'Three cheers for Old England, and may the best man win!'

At 11:45, Mr. Fox arrived, observing with a smile, 'There's nothing like punctuality,' and at noon precisely Mr. George Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, proceeded to read the articles of agreement, the following gentlemen being present: Mr. Jem Smith, champion of England, Mr. J. Fleming, the champion's manager, Mr. R. K. Fox, proprietor of the New York *Police Gazette*, Mr. E. A. Perry, correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, Mr. Bon-sall, New York *World*, Mr. T. J. Bulling, Cable News Company, New York, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, New York *Sun*, Mr. James Nixon, Melbourne *Sportman*, Mr. Bob Habbajam, Mr. Jack Harper and Major Burke, the well-known *attaché* of the Wild West-eries. We append the articles of agreement:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this day (Tuesday, July 26, 1887), between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., and James Smith, of London, England. The said Jake Kilrain and James Smith hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which the said Jake Kilrain and the said James Smith hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for \$1,000 (\$500 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt (now held by Jake Kilrain), value \$2,500, which represents the championship of the world, and shall take place on Monday, Jan. 3, 1888, or on any other day within six months from signing these articles. The fight to take place within 100 miles of Madrid (Spain). Each man (Smith and Kilrain) to have a representative to act on his behalf, Mr. Richard K. Fox to appoint the representative to act for Kilrain. The two representatives to select the battle ground, issue all invitations (not exceeding 50 persons a side), and carry out the arrangements for bringing off the fight. In pursuance of this agreement \$200 (\$100) has been deposited in the hands of the New York *Clipper* by Mr. Richard K. Fox, N. Y. (proprietor of the *Police Gazette*) the backer of the said Jake Kilrain, and the said Jem Smith this day (Tuesday, July 26) deposits \$200 with the editor of *Sporting Life*, to be forwarded by the last named to the New York *Clipper* to cover Kilrain's deposit, and to bind the match. The remaining deposits to be staked at the *Sporting Life* office as follows: \$200 a side on August 24, 1887; \$200 a side on Friday, September 22, 1887; \$200 a side on Friday, October 21, 1887; and the final deposit of \$200 a side on Friday, November 25, 1887, when Smith must also stake with the *Sporting Life* \$100, to be handed over to Mr. Richard K. Fox on behalf of Jake Kilrain as expenses for fighting out of America. The *Sporting Life* is appointed final stakeholder, and the preliminary deposit money of \$200 a side staked with the New York *Clipper* by Mr. Richard K. Fox on behalf of Kilrain and the said James Smith to be forwarded by the editor of that journal to the *Sporting Life* at least two months prior to the day fixed for the fight. The said James Smith and the said Jake Kilrain or his backer (Richard K. Fox), each to have power to appoint an umpire. The referee to be mutually agreed upon by the duly authorized umpires of the men at least seven days before the day fixed for the fight, but in case they cannot agree, the final stakeholder to be named by mutual consent. The men to be in the ring between the hours of four A. M. and four P. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expense of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by the two contestants equally. The deposits may be staked not later than six o'clock on the days aforesaid, and other parties failing to make good the amounts at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of material interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall (if possible on the same day) name the next time and place of meeting, and other party failing to appear at the time and place specified to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving up the money. In pursuance of this agreement we herewith subscribe our names:

Witnesses:
J. FLEMING,
JOHN M. BURKE.

The articles gave rise to some little discussion. The English champion originally had desired the contest to transpire within three months. To this Kilrain demurred. Mr. Fleming (Smith's manager) a few days ago agreed to the time being extended to four months. Mr. Fox cabled Kilrain to this effect, and yesterday morning received a wire from the American demanding six months. After some little argument, *pro* and *con*, Mr. Fox suggesting January 10, it was agreed to fix the date on January 3, 1888, limiting the time in case of necessity to six months from the signing of articles. Jem Smith observing that the 3d was a lucky day for him. A little debate also took place as to the date of depositing Kilrain's expenses (\$100) for fighting out of America. It was eventually agreed that this should be handed over with the final instalment of \$200 on Friday, Nov. 25, 1887. Then the appointment of referee came on the carpet. Jack Harper at once suggested that it would be advisable to select a referee beforehand. The following discussion then took place:

Mr. Fleming: According to the rules of the prize ring the referee is supposed to be selected independently of any one by the umpires on each side. We select our own umpire, and you do the same.

Mr. Atkinson: Yes, that is so; I know that in two or three fights that have been fought over here considerable inconvenience has been experienced in this respect.

Mr. Fox: Would it not be better for the umpires to select a referee at the ring side?

Jem Smith: I have been often disappointed by these "ring-side" appointments. If my antagonist doesn't wish to fight, what is more easy for him than to object to all the men proposed for a referee. We could not compel him to decide.

Mr. Atkinson: Shall the referee be appointed by the authorized umpires seven days before the fight, Mr. Fox?

Mr. Fleming: Yes, that is what I wish.

Mr. Fox: I can assure you that the gentleman whom I will choose as our umpire will see that our man does not take any unfair advantage (hear, hear).

After a few remarks Mr. Fox agreed that the referee should be appointed seven days previous to the fight, but should the umpires not be unanimous on their choice the final stakeholder, the *Sporting Life*, to be empowered with the selection.

The names of several English noblemen and gentlemen of sporting proclivities were then mentioned, and Mr. Fox in his turn mentioned three American gentlemen whom he would be quite satisfied to nominate for the important position of referee. A well-known English baronet, whose name was suggested, elicited from Jem Smith the following remark: "Yes, I'll agree to him. He's a gentleman who understands the job well." Mr. Atkinson: "I think there are plenty of good men to select from, but there is plenty of time, and it will be as well to leave it to the umpires to decide."

With the concurrence of Mr. Fox, it was next suggested that the attendance should be limited to fifty spectators a side, and this proposition was cordially accepted by the parties concerned.

All these matters having been arranged in the smoothest and most satisfactory manner, Mr. Fleming formally deposited \$200, and the bell-ringer protocol was ratified as heretofore shown, the English champion being the first to append his signature, Mr. Atkinson signing humorously that there was a superstition amongst pugilists as to signing first.

One of the most important pugilistic conventions of the century having thus been brought to a pleasing and successful termination, a welcome case of Bollinger made its appearance, fittingly accompanied by a box of choice Larranagas. The company being lighted and primed, Mr. Atkinson arose and proposed Mr. R. K. Fox's health, observing that he hoped the best man would win, and that whatever the issue of the international battle, both contestants and supporters would be as good friends as ever. Mr. Fox cordially reciprocated the sentiment, and remarked that from what he knew of Kilrain, and from what he had seen of Jem Smith he was quite sure that they would both do their best, and that the winner would be modest in victory, and the loser consoled in defeat.

The festive juice circling freely, some lively chaff and banter ensued.

"You've a big arm, Jem," observed Mr. Fox, pleasantly.

"It's big enough for some," replied Jem, grimly.

"How old will you be in January?" continued Kilrain's backer.

"I shall be 25 years of age on the 24th of January next; or," continued the English champion, with a good-natured smile,

"say 24 years on the last 24th of January, it will make me look younger."

"Ah," observed Mr. Fox, "you have the advantage in youth. Jake is five years older. What do you scale when trained?"

"Twelve stone 8 pounds," returned Jem.

"What's Kilrain's fighting weight?" queried Mr. Fleming.

"Much the same," replied the proprietor of the *Police Gazette*; "175 pounds to 180 pounds (12 stone 7 pounds to 12 stone 10 pounds)."

"What's your height, Jem?" inquired Mr. Perry, of the Boston *Herald*.

"Five feet 8 1/2 inches."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fox, "there we have the advantage; Jake can give you 2 1/2 inches. He's 5 feet 11 inches."

"He must have grown half an inch," observed Mr. Fleming, with caustic humor.

"Never mind," interposed Jem Smith, quickly, "I shall be able to get underneath him all the quicker."

This ingenious observation caused a general laugh.

"Kilrain's a 'big 'un' and no mistake," added Mr. Fox.

"Well," said Jem, "satirically," "he ought to be ashamed to tackle a little chap like me."

After a couple of goblets of the Bollinger, the English champion more than held his own in the running fire of repartee.

"My ambition," said he, "is to have a go, and I think it's all right this time. Very likely Kilrain will make me sweat when he's been at it a little time, and, perhaps, he'll give me a belly-fault. All I want to do is to please my backers," and he concluded with a saturnine smile, "All I hope is that he don't stop too quick."

"It's your left that's dangerous?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Yes, replied Jem, "but I might give him a little treat with my right."

"I should like to see your arm," said Mr. Brisbane, of the New York *Sun*.

The redoubtable Jem immediately peeled and displayed his brawny biceps.

"This," said he (pointing to his right) "gives 'em the belly-ache, and this (referring to his left) sends 'em to sleep."

"Well," said Mr. Fox, "I'll take you up your time to put Jake asleep."

"I don't care how big he is," exclaimed Jem, defiantly, "I'll go for him!"

The conversation for a time became general, after which Jem Smith, filling his glass, rose and said:

"Gentlemen, here's your good health. With all respect to Jake Kilrain, I hope I'll win."

Mr. Fox rejoined: "Well, here's to Kilrain; and there's one thing, gentlemen, I ought to mention. When he steps into the ring, I shall hand him \$1,000 to back himself with—not with any of your supporters," said he, addressing Jem Smith, "but with yourself."

"You'd fight anybody in the world, Smith?" asked Mr. Perry.

"I'll fight anybody!" replied Smith coolly.

"What about Sullivan?" further remarked the Boston *Herald* representative.

"Sullivan," interposed Mr. Fox quickly, "can't get into condition. Why, he's as big as the Major there," pointing to Major Burke. "When a man gets to thirty he can't get down easily. Besides, he has relinquished all claim to the championship. That has been decided by the New York *Clipper* and the *Police Gazette*, which," said Mr. Fox, "is quite sufficient authority."

The conversation then became general, and, after expressions of the most cordial and kindly feelings had been tendered to Jem Smith by Mr. Fox and the other American journalists present, the company separated in high good humor.

The battle for \$2,000, held by Richard K. Fox, and \$500 ticket money, between Johnny Reagan and Tom Henry was fought on the Idlewild dancing platform on Long Island Sound on Aug. 8. Two steamboats carried the crowd to the mill. After the men were in the ring Henry produced \$200 to bet Reagan and the money was covered by Reagan. Henry was seconded by Mike Gillespie, the conqueror of Fiddler Neary, and Billy Kelly, who once fought Sam Collier. Frank Stevenson was referee. Time was called at nine minutes after three o'clock, precisely, and the men, after shaking hands, sparred for an opening.

ROUND 1.—Reagan let go a futile left after a half minute's careful measuring of his man. Henry was away with the skill of a French dancing master. Tom fainted once or twice, then let go a bender for the jaw with his right. The spectators held their breaths. They knew the Englishman's tactics. If he could land one of his half crushers the people from the Hook could whistle for their bets. Reagan is a sure thing against a right hander, and he avoided three of the onslaughts of his opponent. Each rally brought on a clinch, and Henry went down in Reagan's corner. In one of these Donohue claimed first knockdown, but it was not allowed.

2.—There was desperate work in the second. Reagan was ineffective with his left, with which he can do little more than push, and Henry smiled as he got out of danger. Two terrific right-handers whistled harmlessly over Reagan's head as he cleverly ducked them, and then he sent in a shot on Henry's breadbasket that drew cheers from his friends.

3.—Henry again tried to land his terrible right but the lad was too quick for him. Henry wasted much strength trying to draw his man for a lead by feinting him. Reagan ducked to a feint once and his backer turned pale as Henry barely missed knocking him stiff with a right-handed upper cut.

4.—In this round Reagan started to force matters. He let go his left and landed on Henry's ribs. Reagan countered on the eye and cheek. Henry rushed into the fifth and another fearful right-hand half-arm blow barely missed Reagan's jaw. In the clinch Reagan imitated Jem Carney, and delivered some heavy punches on the body. Henry thought he could take liberties in the sixth round, and led with his right for Reagan's jaw. In giving the force of his body to the blow he ducked, his face right into Reagan's right fist, and got a frightful upper cut. The blow nearly closed Henry's left eye, and made the friends of the American howl with delight.

The seventh round was more cautious, only one effective hit being landed, by Henry, on Reagan's chin. The pugilists were very cautious in the next three rounds, but broke into a desperate rally in the eleventh. The twelfth round was terrific. Reagan forced the pace, going right at Henry with both hands. They went head over heels over the rope in the clinch. Reagan caught a right on the side of his head as soon as they got together again, but he countered heavily on Henry's eye, nearly sending it up. The men had to be pulled apart when time was called. A hot rally opened the next round and Henry's umpire claimed and was allowed first blood for a smash Reagan rapped on his suppler. Henry had the call in the betting when they came up at the call of time for the fourteenth round. Another desperate rally, with hard exchanges, Henry trying to reach the jaw with his right and Reagan smashing him on the body with both hands. The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth were cautious, but the eighteenth round showed some more hard hitting. There were two fine rallies in the nineteenth, and then the men fell away again, Henry not caring to do all the work and Reagan entirely on the defensive, until the twenty-eighth round. There was some good and very even fighting in this round.

Reagan rushed Henry over the ropes in the twenty-ninth round. Henry's backer's were still willing to cover all the Reagan money offered at even.

The battling in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth rounds was pronounced "elegant." The excited crowd could stand it no longer. In the thirty-sixth round Reagan seemed to be taking a lead. He did all the execution he could at short range during the clinches, and banged Henry unmercifully, while the latter tried rapidly and did not do any in-fighting. A dozen spectators jumped into the inclosure, and a dozen more tried to put them out. The timekeepers had to jump into the ring and help to pull the fighters apart at the end of the three minutes.

Both men went at it in terrible earnest in the thirty-seventh round. It was the hardest fought round of the fight. Reagan was the strongest and forced his man to the ropes, but Henry kept sending those terrific right-handers at his jaw, which threatened every moment to land him a long way outside the ten-second limit rule. Henry came over to Reagan's corner to begin the thirty-eighth, and almost the whole round was fought at such a disadvantage from the crowd that got into the ring as to be no criterion at all of the prowess of the men.

39 and last—The men had just come together, when they clinched and began fouling. Their seconds rushed up and they were followed over the ropes by a howling, hooting mob, and Frank Stevenson declared the battle a draw.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

I makes me smile when I read the nonsensical balderdash that the would-be prize ring authorities continue to write in several papers published in this city, and it surprises me that the managing editors accept such untruthful screeds about the Kilrain and Smith battle for the world's championship and \$10,000.

Every one is aware that the match is bona fide, that the first deposit is posted, and the protocol is signed. Again, those conversant with prize ring usages are well aware that before Richard K. Fox crossed the Atlantic he agreed to match John L. Sullivan against Jem Smith for \$5,000 a side, the battle to be fought in Ireland, and that after the English champion agreed to meet the American champion according to the terms he proposed, Sullivan, to the surprise of the many supporters of the P. R. on both this and the other side of the Atlantic, refused to meet Smith.

It is also a well-known fact, and will be on record in prize ring chronology, that Sullivan was the first champion of America who refused to do battle with a foreign champion. It will also be recorded in American annals that Richard K. Fox did post \$10,000 on behalf of Jake Kilrain of Baltimore and issue a challenge according to rules governing prize ring championships agreeing to match Kilrain against John L. Sullivan, when the latter was champion, for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, and although articles of agreement were drafted—a *fac simile* of the same which governed the only battle Sullivan ever contested in for the championship—that he refused to meet his challenger, and thereby forfeited the title of champion, which he had held for five years and only contested for once.

Again, in the prize-ring history of America it will be found that after Sullivan refused to cover the \$10,000 deposit, and agree to fight Kilrain for the championship, that Richard K. Fox, finding that Jem Smith, the champion of England, had thrown down the gauntlet to fight any man in England or America, and, finding that the champion of America would not agree to defend his title, out of national pride agreed to back Jake Kilrain against the English champion for any amount the English champion's backer named.

There was no long intermission, no long letters of acceptance, nor any dilly-dallying in arranging the details, which was the case in the international match between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan in 1859.

It was a cable that Smith would meet Kilrain or his backer in London, and when the intelligence reached the POLICE GAZETTE office, Richard K. Fox left as soon as possible for London to ratify the match. At the meeting at the *Sporting Life* office there was no wrangling, every inducement was offered to the English champion to come to America, and \$10,000 was even offered him for expenses; but he refused to accept such a sum, although it was just as large an amount as the stakes in the great Heenan and Sayers battle, for, if I remember, the stakes were \$200—\$1,000 a side.

Every detail for the great match was arranged, no hitch was allowed to break off the negotiations. Why? Because Kilrain's backer does not believe in fakes; he went there with full instructions from Kilrain to make the match and he did so in a business-like manner, which made even the English sporting press envious his courageous way of doing business. These are facts, and the sporting journalists—I mean those that receive snuff boxes and diamond pins from Sayers for trying to keep Sullivan in the same position in which he stood before he refused to go to Ireland to meet the English champion, and before he forfeited the championship of America by refusing to cover Richard K. Fox's \$10,000 to battle with Kilrain for \$10,000.

The general public, who are the best critics, know the right side and the wrong side, and all Sayers's paid interviews, and all his engaged scribes, who write at his dictation, will not make the public believe what is untrue. It appears strange that newspapers like the *Sun* and *World* allow such untrue statements to be written and published, merely because their representatives are hand in glove with Sullivan and his valet.

"Macon," of the "Sun," a bagger from Cincinnati, who outlived his usefulness in that city and later tried out the evening papers with an overdose of McCaffrey in Philadelphia, tries to throw cold water on the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, and assumes that it will never take place; that Kilrain's backer would not allow the match to take place, because he would not risk his chances of losing such a sum.

Every one who knows Kilrain's backer, and has followed his footsteps prior to the battle with Sullivan and Ryan, knows that this "Macon" is an ass, and that his original writings have time and again proved him such. Only for the long screeds about fighters copied from the POLICE GAZETTE and palmed off on the confiding editors of the papers he works for as genuine, he would not have the least standing. He boasts of seeing Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan fight, and that he reported it for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

He was not present at the mill. The sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE reported the Ryan and Goss fight for the *Enquirer*, and "Macon" received John McLean's check for \$100 for doing so.

"Macon" never witnessed only two regular prize fights in his life. What, then, do his scrawls about Kilrain and Smith amount to? Just about as much as his knowledge of race horses and pugilists—nothing.

What has become of "Macon's" great tip on the next prize ring championship, McCaffrey? Is it possible that the Pittsburgh boxer will never be the champion, after all the columns of praise that "Macon," who only witnessed two prize fights, bestowed upon him? Kilrain stepped in ahead of McCaffrey, and the cream was skimmed from the supposed "next best man to Sullivan" milk.

"Macon" was a good judge of mules when he was in Cincinnati, but he is a poor judge of horses when he styles Cambysses a filly and Preciosa a gelding. He witnessed two shoe-blacks battle in Cincinnati and at once became an authority on prize fighting. He had a diurnal mania that McCaffrey would be champion of America. To make his prophecies correct he decided that McCaffrey conquered Mitchell in a glove contest in Madison Square Garden, and the unjust fact settles the question of "Macon's" judgment of boxers and boxing. "Macon" did believe or he dreamed that McCaffrey was the next best man in America, but when Farrell, the Philadelphia novice, fought McCaffrey to a standstill, "Macon" sang, "My dream of life is o'er," and quit McCaffrey like a hot iron. He is now trying to make the public believe he is a great turf authority, but judging from his remarks and comments, in which he styles geldings fillies and the latter geldings, he is thinking about that mule race at Cincinnati, which he knows more about than either horses or pugilists. At the time Ryan and Sullivan were matched he wrote columns that the battle would never take place. It did take place and he had to swallow the lies he wrote. Now he claims that Kilrain and Smith will never meet, that Richard K. would not risk \$5,000, as it is claimed.

"Macon" knows that Richard K. Fox will risk his money, no matter whether he receives it back or not, or whether it is \$5 or \$5,000. It is a fact and no one knows it better than "Macon."

I think it is an astonishing fact that, in spite of the exposures in the press and the numberless warnings and examples of the last few years, the horse shark still finds willing and lucrative victims. His favorite game is still the familiar chestnut of the widow who wishes to dispose of her late dearly

lamented husband's fast roadster, which was not only magnificently bred, beautifully proportioned, fast as the wind, but was also such a pet that the principal object in selling is more to obtain for him a good home than a fancy price. The latest swindle perpetrated by the prince of the sharks was the Widow Dodge, which was, as far as the swindle was concerned, the winning factor in the case.

Joseph S. Steele of Saginaw, Mich., filed a bill in the Circuit Court against Henry Jackson and the Thirty-first Street Bank. Steele alleges that, July 16, while in this city, Jackson induced him to buy two horses for \$750. Jackson represented that the horses were of much greater value, but were the property of a widow who, on account of the pain they gave her by reminding her of her husband, who used to drive them, was anxious to dispose of them. He represented that one of the horses was a high-bred fast trotter and road horse called Chester Wilkes, got by Geo. Wilkes, sire of Harry Wilkes, and that the said Chester Wilkes was the most perfect gentleman's family and road horse in the city, and could trot a mile in 2:30; that the other horse was named Minnie, and was sired by Meewood, and would trot a mile in 2:18. Jackson by various plausible excuses prevented the complainant from investigating the pedigrees of the horses and testing their speed, but was so positive in his statements upon these points that Steele was induced to rely upon them.

July 19, when he was about to ship the horses to Saginaw, he discovered for the first time that he had been imposed upon. The horses were not as represented. They had no speed and no pedigree, and were not even sound. Steele claims that Jackson intentionally deceived him. He says that the story about the widow was a myth, and that Jackson, who is a dealer in horses, had drugged the horses and got them into shape so as to deceive a person inexperienced in judging horseflesh.

Steele gave for the horses \$250 in cash and a check on a Saginaw bank for \$500. The check was cashed and the money is now in the hands of the Thirty-first Street Bank. Steele claims that the \$250 cash which he paid is more than the horses are worth, and accordingly prays that the bank be enjoined from paying over the \$500.

Jackson was before Justice Lyon recently charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. Mr. Steele being the prosecutor and the case being the same as in the Circuit Court suit, Justice Lyon held the prisoner to the Criminal Court in bonds of \$10,000. Mr. Forrest, for the defense, learned that officers were waiting to catch up his client for some offense in Tennessee as soon as bail was given. For this reason Jackson went to jail.

As long as the sharks advertise \$5,000 horses at ten cents on the dollar, we presume they will find fools to walk into their parlor, but we sincerely hope that this latest instance of fraud will result in a placing the most voracious horse shark of the West in a place where he can invent magnificent pedigrees at his leisure, but will be utterly unable to turn them to a practical, pecuniary account.

It seems almost inconceivable that a sane man would pay \$750 for a pair of scrubs with a bogus pedigree without inquiry and examination, yet so skillfully is the confidence game worked, that the present victim cannot be considered more gullible than any of the multitude of fools upon whom these sharks have fattened for years. Had Mr. Steele written to Mr. E. C. Walker, Veritas, or called upon any reputable horseman or veterinary surgeon he would have been promptly told that the advertisement was a fraud and the advertisers were swindlers.

I think the reduction of records at the Cleveland trotting meeting is unprecedented. Every trotter that won a race or even a heat placed a new mark opposite his name. Seven entered the 2:20 list, while four who were already in, finished their miles faster than they ever did before in public.

The fastest heat of the meeting goes to the credit of Johnston, he having finished the third heat in the free-for-all pace in 2:17½. Patron trotted the fastest heat at the meeting, getting a record of 2:14½. It is one of the greatest performances on record.

Thirty-nine heats, counting Bell Boy's two-year-old performance in 2:27½, were trotted at the meeting and thirteen paced. The average time made was within a small fraction of 2:19½, which is a shade lower than the average of '86.

The reduction of the average since the opening of the Grand Circuit has been very marked. The fastest heat trotted in 1873 was placed to the credit of Lucy, who distanced Goldsmith Maid in the first heat in 2:21½. The average for the first meeting was 2:28 1/4.

Turning to 1876, one of the red-letter years in the history of this association, I find that Hopeful won the free-for-all in 2:17½, 2:15½, 2:16½, and that Rarus trotted three miles in 2:14½, 2:15, 2:14. The average for this meeting, at which thirty-eight heats were trotted and paced, was 2:23 1/4.

Therefore, since the opening of the Grand Circuit the reduction of the average performances on the grounds of the association alone has been almost ½ second, while almost 2½ seconds have been removed during the past ten years. There is, however, one strange fact apparent in the performances during the past decade; that is, while the average speed is becoming lower each year, the time made in the faster classes has not been materially reduced. We must be approaching the limit of speed at the trotting rack. Hopeful's average in 1876 was 2:16 1/4, and Rarus' 2:14 1/4. Harry Wilkes' average last year in the free-for-all was 2:15½, and Patron's performance last week was almost as good, being only a twelfth of a second slower.

It is my opinion that the judges of race meetings should, as a rule, be men of racing experience, thoroughly conversant with racing rules, as well as being men of strict integrity. Too often, however, of late years the latter requisite alone is deemed all that is necessary, and the judges whose duties, as a rule, are merely nominal, find themselves placed in a position where lack of knowledge of the rules of the turf gives rise to decisions whose equity may well be questioned. Such was the Hidalgo disqualification of last year, in which the horse was placed second after being disqualified for an alleged foul, which if he committed should have barred him from any place in the race at all.

Other cases might be cited to show the necessity of selecting only gentlemen for the position of judges who are known to have the rules "at their fingers' ends," but the most recent one in point was the Dunboyne-Elkwood dead heat at Saratoga recently. There were three gentlemen whose positions in mercantile life were no guarantee that they were conversant with the rules of racing, but whose impartiality and probity has never been questioned. In the performance of their nominal duties, where no emergency arose, they did all they had to do well, but during the race in question occurred the crowding of Dunboyne by Elkwood, which was adjudged to be no foul, but which almost every racing man on the grounds could see to be a glaring violation of the rules.

The great trotting meeting at Buffalo opened with a surprise in the 2:20 class. The village farm candidate, Globe, was a 2 to 1 favorite over the field in the early betting. He won the first heat after a hard race with Clara, but dropped back in the next three, which were won by Class Leader. This is the gray gelding's first victory. He is the third descendant of the Pilot, Jr., mare Tackey that has entered the 2:20 list, the others being Naid Queen (2:20½) and Pilot Boy (2:20). All three are entered at Utica. Ed. Annan won the 2:24 pace in straight heats.

Five horses started in the 2:21 class, which was won by Loretta F., who is one of the greatest mares in training. The decision of the judges in the second heat of the race was severely criticised, for, to put it in plain language, they made the mare win four heats to secure first money.

Only one race announced for the second day of the meeting was finished. It was won by Garnet, who was never headed in the three heats trotted. Amie King and Valkyr had each two heats to their credit, and Belle Ogil and Sallie Howard one apiece in the 2:27 class when night put an end to the struggle.

Pete McCoy and Denny Kelleher have been matched for an eight-round fight for \$200, within four weeks, at Boston.

AN HISTORIC BATTLE.

The Great Fistic Encounter Between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, at Farnborough, England.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

16.—Tom shook himself together, but was very cautious. He sparred as if requiring rest, until Heenan came in, when slight exchanges took place, Tom getting it on the nose, and Heenan on the whistler, but neither very heavy. Heenan then made a sudden dart, and planting very heavily on Tom's mouth, once more knocked him off his legs. [Loud cheers for Heenan.]

17.—Tom did not display many marks from his repeated knock-down blows, but came up smiling, although somewhat tired. Heenan's mug was decidedly the most disfigured, being so much swelled. Heenan took the lead, but did not get on heavily. He tried again with his right, and the blow passed over Tom's nob. Counter hits followed on the nose, in which Tom's delivery was most effective, but Tom was down.

18.—Very slight exchanges, followed by a heavy counter, in which Heenan's whistler came in for pepper, and Tom got it slightly on the nose and fell.

19.—Tom slow to time; Heenan not in a hurry. At last, on facing one another, Heenan went in to a close, and throwing Tom fell on him.

20.—Heenan followed Tom, who was on the retreat, and after one or two dodges caught him on the jaw heavily with his right. He tried again, but Sayers jumped back. Still he persevered and heavy exchanges followed at close quarters and both were in the end down at the ropes.

21.—Sayers very slow, which Heenan seeing dashed "at him, slung out the left on the nose and again felled the champion.

22.—Sayers seemed none the worse for this flogging, but it rather seemed to do him good, for he seemed fresher, which Heenan seeing retired to his corner. Sayers followed and tried to deliver, but missed, and the Benicia Boy dropped him another straight one on the jaw. Heenan's left hand was now much puffed and did not seem to leave such impressions as formerly.

23.—The time was very badly kept on both sides, and there were now complaints that the Benicia Boy was allowed a stool in the ring. An appeal was made to the referee, who at once ordered its removal, as contrary to the laws. Heenan rushed at Sayers, who retreated and got one on the back. Sayers then turned round and missed his right. They closed and Sayers pegged away merrily on the nose and left cheek and in the end both down, Sayers under. One hour and eleven minutes had now elapsed.

24.—The Benicia Boy, first up, tried his left by a sudden dart, but was stopped. An attempt with the right just landed on the side of Sayers's nut and he fell. 5 to 4 on Heenan still offered.

25.—Sayers, very weak, came up slow but cheerful. He waited the attack, which was not long in coming, and after getting a little one on the side of his head Sayers popped his left very heavily on the snout, drawing more home-brewed. Heenan, wild, rushed in and bored Sayers down.

26.—Sayers, fresher, came up gaily and tried to lead off with his left, but the Boy stopped him prettily. Another effort landed on Heenan's good eye. Heenan in return planted a rattler on Sayers' jaw with his right, which staggered him and was all but a knock-down. Sayers soon shook himself together, whereupon the Boy let fly his left, but Tom was well away. Following up, the Boy got on Sayers' chest, but not heavily. Exchanges: Heenan on the taster trap and Sayers on the nose, a smasher, each drawing the cork. Heavy counters followed with the left, and they broke away. The Boy came again and got on Sayers' snout heavily with the left, once more staggering him. Twice after this did Sayers stop Heenan's right, and they closed. After some slight flogging Sayers fell, Heenan hitting him when down. An appeal of foul was overruled, the blow being obviously accidental.

27.—The Boy came up determined and led off, but Sayers was away. A second attempt was equally unsuccessful and as Sayers turned his back to dash away the Boy caught him on the neck, but not heavily. Sharp exchanges followed, Sayers in the left cheek and nose and the Boy on the mouth. The Boy then went in and tried his left, but was short, whereupon he rushed to his corner, had a wipe and wet his whistle and then went to the middle of the ring. Sayers joined issue at once and some slugging exchanges took place, each on the nose, and Heenan now tried to close, reaching after Sayers to catch him round the neck. Sayers kept out of harm's way, but at length the Boy bore him down at the ropes.

28.—Both, much fatigued, wanted all the time they could get. After some sparring Heenan ran at Sayers, who darted away. The Boy rapidly pursued and they got together and in the flinging Sayers was busy on Heenan's good cheek, while he retaliated on the mouth. In the end Sayers was down.

29.—Sayers still slow to time. The Boy at once went to him and got heavily on the top of his nut. Sayers countered with effect with his right on the left cheek, and then popped his left on the proboscis. Heavy exchanges followed in Sayers' favor, who met the Boy very straight and effectively on the nose, opening a fresh bin. A break away, followed by slight exchanges, led to a harmless close, and Sayers slipped down.

30.—Heenan's other eye was now fast closing, and he had evidently got time to lose. He was strongest on his legs, but his punishment was far more visible than Sayers'. He tried to lead off, but Sayers met him neatly on the nose, turning on the red port. The Boy rushed at Sayers and literally ran over and fell on him.

31.—After standing some time in his corner the Boy was fetched out by Sayers, who had now recovered a little. A short spar was followed by another retreat, after which Sayers went in and got a little one on the left cheek but it lacked steam. More sparring and the Boy again retired. Sayers stood and examined him with the eye of a connoisseur until he came out, when good exchanges took place, Sayers getting heavily on the mouth and Heenan on the nose. A break away, more sparring for wind, the Boy again to his corner. On Sayers going at him he slung out his left heavily on the nose and prone once more fell the brave champion.

32.—Sayers, all alive, dodged and caught the Boy on the chin. He turned to retreat, and the Boy nipped him on the body, but not heavily. Heenan then tried repeatedly to draw Sayers, but the latter would not go into his corner. The Boy, therefore, had to go out, and some rapid hits and stops followed without any apparent damage; each, however, got a small tap on the mouth. Heenan, having taken a rest in his corner, came out and got a hot one on the left cheek for his pains, which all but shut the other eye. This brought on exchanges, each on the mazzard, and the Boy reached Sayers' nose. Heavy, determined deliveries on the nose ensued, after which the Boy flogged Sayers by a right-hander on the cheek. The hitting was now even, Sayers for choice. It was obvious that, strong as the Boy was, unless he could make a decided change he must in a very few minutes be blind.

33.—The Boy, feeling he had no time to lose, rushed in, but only just reached Sayers' chest. Both seemed fogged and they stood a few seconds and then went to close quarters, where Sayers, as usual, was busy on the Boy's mug until he let him slip through his arms to the ground.

34.—Heenan again tried to force the fighting but Sayers got away. They then stood and sparred until Heenan let fly his left, which did not reach its destination. He retired for counsel, and then came at Sayers and tried his right at the body, but without success. Steady exchanges led to close and rapid infighting, and both fell, Sayers under. Heenan's eye all but closed up.

35.—The Benicia Boy dashed viciously in, and caught Tom on the snout, but the blow was without powder. Sayers retreated from the vigorous onslaught; Heenan followed, and got home on the jaw with his right, still with no effect. Sayers now turned and ran, Heenan after him, when, on turning round, Sayers napped one on the nose. He, however, landed another little pop on the good eye. Sharp exchanges at close quarters ended in the downfall of Sayers. Two hours had now elapsed.

36.—The Benicia Boy's face was a spectacle to behold, while Tom was very weak. Heenan rushed to close, and caught Sayers round the neck, dragging him to the ropes. At this time the police, who had been gradually making their way to the ring, began a violent struggle to get close and put a stop to hostilities. The Boy tried to hold Tom, but the latter slipped through his arms and fell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

MILWAUKEE.—Pedro.

J. W., New York.—Yes.

G. L., New York City.—On Broadway.

J. W. JAMES, Mayville, Mich.—In 1871.

J. L. S., St. Paul.—Send \$1.00 for the book.

J. G. C., Astoria, Oregon.—C won the money.

F. E. C., Astoria.—He receives the next card.

M. J. K. E., Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.—It was a foul.

K. L., Fortchester.—John C. Heenan was born in 1833.

D. G. B., Milwaukee.—Bench never visited the United States.

D. S., Robertsdale, Ill.—1. Lola Montes was born in 1818. 2. No.

S. A., Iowa.—Yes; Boss Harrington was born in New York in 1803.

D. P., Randolph, Mo.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000.

W. L., Jamestown, N. Y.—Bob Brettie and Jem Mace fought Sept. 21, 1858.

W. B., Memphis.—Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers are both English.

M. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—Kilrain is a native born American of Irish descent.

S. S., Ontario.—Send us a good photo and his record and we will publish it.

BOB AND FRANK, Ashland, Pa.—John C. Heenan fought John Morrissey first.

J. C., Pittsburgh.—It must be thrown over, or else the money must be drawn.

R. M., Kansas City.—1. You must mean Wm. Daly, the high kicker. 2. Yes.

A. B., Boston, Mass.—Jem Mace and Joe Coburn are both 5 feet 9 inches in height.

H. H., Baltimore, Md.—Ed Hanlan was disqualified for fouling in 1877. B wins.

MANUEL OLIVER, 790 Eddy street, Providence, R. I.—Send \$50, and we will send you the rules.

J. C. W., Fort Hays, Kan.—Joe Acton stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs 142 pounds.

J. M., Bayon Black, La.—The horse that comes in second in the final heat is entitled to second money.

D. A. N., Honesdale.—Charley Mitchell weighed about 160 pounds when he boxed with John L. Sullivan.

D. C., New Orleans, La.—1. Tug Wilson's fighting weight was 160 pounds. 2. Yes. 3. Aaron Jones died in 1869.

ROK WALDO, Fort Lupton, Colorado.—Will forward rules and "Sporting Man's Companion" on receipt of 30 cents.

W. J., Bethlehem, Pa.—Richard K. Fox did offer to match Tug Wilson against John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side. 2. No.

D. M. B., Boston.—No. 2. Hanover won seventeen races and his eighteenth race was his first defeat. 3. No. 4. Phillips.

J. F., New York.—Parole was six years old and carried 116 pounds when he beat Lamony in the Newmarket handicap in 1879.

S. Z., Austin, Tex.—Wash your hands two or three times a day with alum water; then rub them well with powdered resin.

P. R., Shenandoah, Pa.—Central Park, New York, contains 862 acres, and Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, contains 2,793 acres.

CONSTANT READER, Aurora, Ill.—It is an open question. Some claim the Missouri, others the Mississippi. We claim the latter is the longest.

J. J. L. TEMPLE.—Five hundred and thirty-one miles in 138 hours 48 minutes 30 seconds, by George Littlewood, March 1 to 11, 1882, at Sheffield, England.

M. J., Jamestown, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain is the champion pugilist of America. 2. Kilrain's battle with Jem Smith is for the championship of the world and \$10,000.

S. J., Boston, Mass.—Harry Bethune's time, 9.25 seconds, for 100 yards, made at Montreal on July 30, 1887, will not go on record as the race was not run by report of pistol.

E. R. B., Brewster, Blaine Co., Neb.—1. Yes. 2. In the morning and evening. 3. Up grade is the best, it strengthens the legs. 4. Send to this office for "The American Athlete."

T. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—Merely touching a pin or shaking it goes for nothing, and the pin must be replaced on its spot; to count a pin, it must be either knocked down or removed two inches from the spot on which it stood.

D. C. J., Omaha.—The belt Sullivan is to be presented with by subscriptions raised by Pat Sheedy will not represent any championship; it will be merely a souvenir. Jake Kilrain holds the champion diamond belt Sullivan and Paddy Ryan were to have fought for, and he is matched to battle Smith for the trophy and \$10,000 on January 3, 1888.

S. J., Boston.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Fadlaheen was tamed in 1867, and was by War Dance, out of Nora O'Brien. At Lexington, on May 22, 1871, Fadlaheen, then a four-year-old, ran a mile with weight up, in 1:43, which was, if not the fastest, the best performance on the American turf up to that time. Among those he beat in that race were Tubman, Oleaner, Farfalla and Alala, which gives a fair indication of the class of horses he was able to cope with.

S. M. D., Washington, D. C.—The following are Hanover's performances to date:

Monmouth Park, July 2.—Hopeful Stakes; six furlongs. Hanover, 115, first; Fitzroy 115, second. Time, 1:15½. Value, \$4,420.

Monmouth Park, July 8.—July Stakes; six furlongs. Hanover, 120, first; Onoko, 110, second. Time, 1:15½. Value, \$4,415.

Monmouth Park, July 20.—Sapping Stakes; six furlongs. Hanover, 115, first; Kingston, 108, second. Value, \$5,500.

Brooklyn, May 17.—Carlton Stakes; 1 mile. Hanover, 118, first; Fitzroy, 110, second. Time, 1:43½. Value, \$2,070.

Brooklyn, May 26.—Brookdale Handicap; 1¼ miles. Hanover, 107, first; Dry Monopole, 114, second. Time, 1:54½. Value, \$2,135.

Jerome Park, May 30.—Withers Stakes; 1 mile. Hanover, 118, first; Stockton, 118, second. Time, 1:46½. Value, \$2,450.

Jerome Park, June 9.—Belmont Stakes; 1½ miles. Hanover, 118, first; Onoko, 118, second. Time, 2:43½. Value, \$2,900.

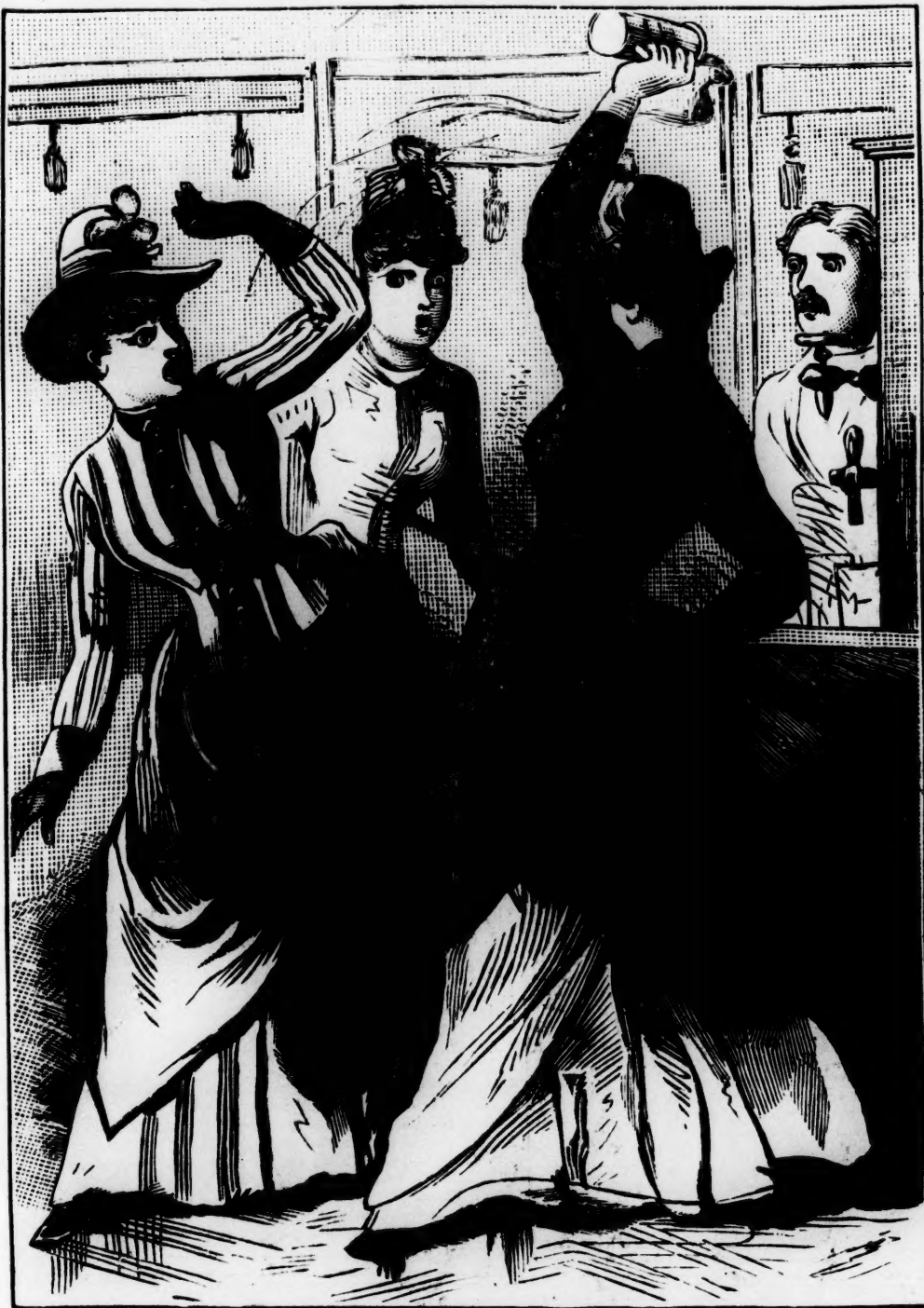
Brooklyn, June 11.—Brooklyn Derby; 1¼ miles. Hanover, 118, first; Dunboyne, 118, second. Time, 2:43½. Value, \$2,075.

Sheepshead Bay, June 18.—Swift Stakes; ¾ mile. Hanover, 118, first; Kingston, 118, second. Time, 1:32. Value, \$2,655.

Sheepshead Bay, June 21.—Tidal Stakes; 1 mile. Hanover, 118, first; Kingston, 118, second. Time, 1:41¾. Value, \$6,740.

Sheepshead Bay, June 23.—Coney Island Derby; 1¼ miles. Hanover, 118, first; Onoko, 118, second. Time, 2:44½. Value, \$7,400.

Sheepshead Bay, June 30.—The Emperior Stakes; 1½ miles. Hanover, 128, first; Dunboyne, 122, second. Time, 2:35½. Value, \$6,925.50.



A PAIR OF AMAZONS.

MRS. VIRGIL S. WRIGHT AND MISS IDA JENKINS HAVE A LITTLE ALTERCATION IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



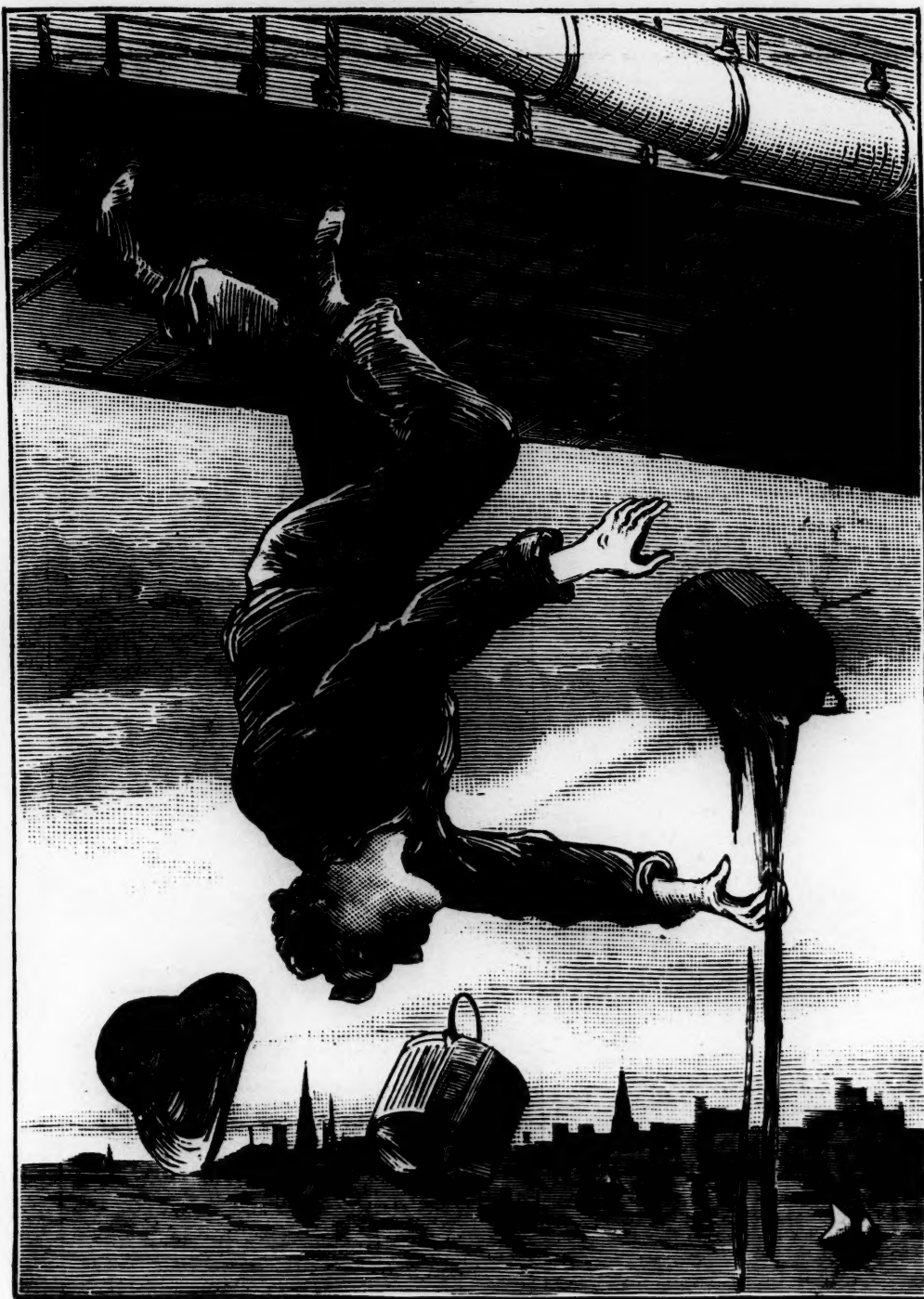
COLD-HEARTED VILLAINY.

JOSEPH SCHLEMMER KILLS HIS GIRL-WIFE IN JERSEY CITY BECAUSE HER MOTHER HAD SEPARATED THEM.



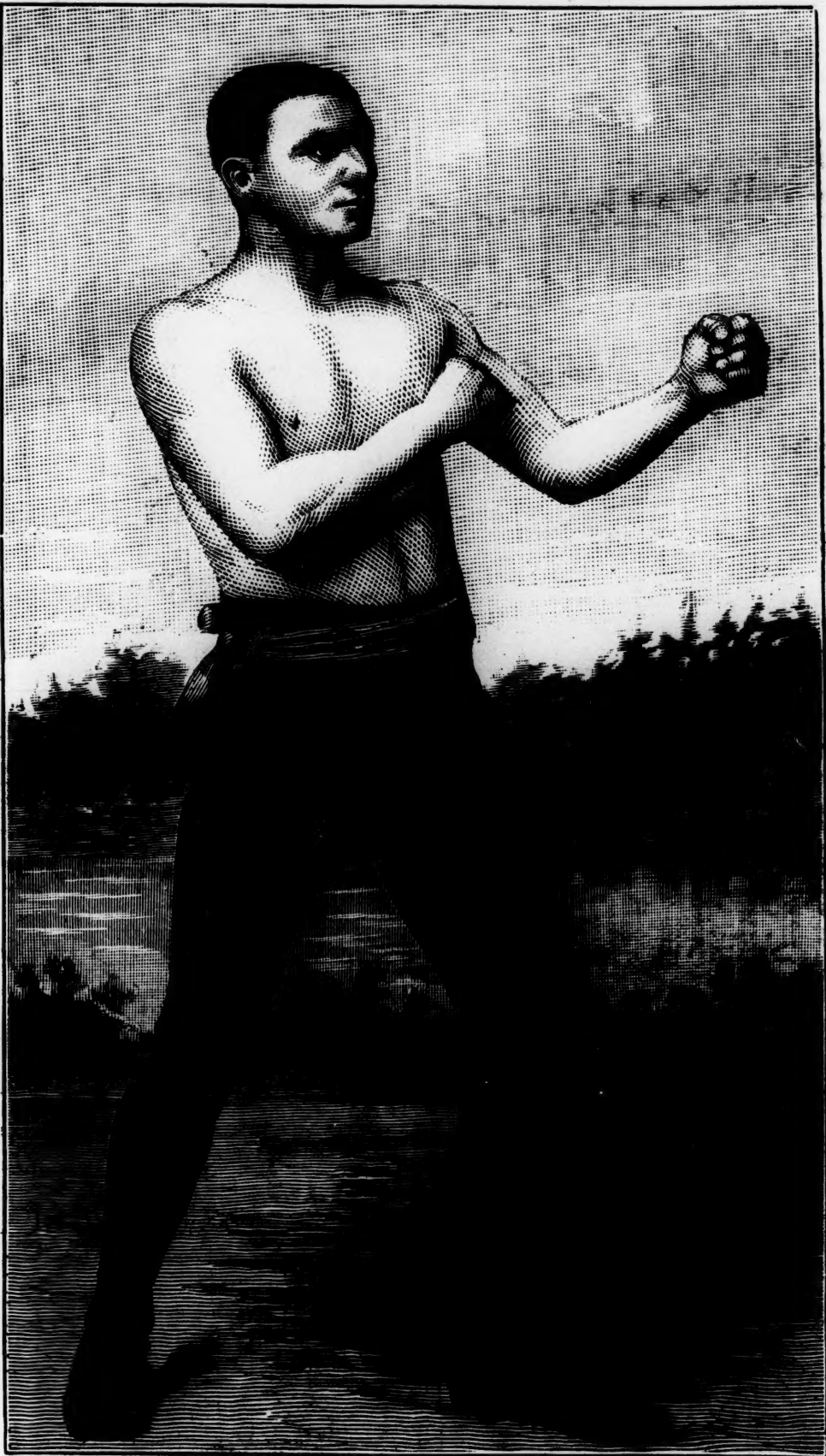
JERSEY PIRATES.

MANAGER FRED ZIMMERMAN OF PHILADELPHIA, IS FIRED UPON BY A CREW OF RASCALLY FISHERMEN AT GRASSY BAY, N. J.



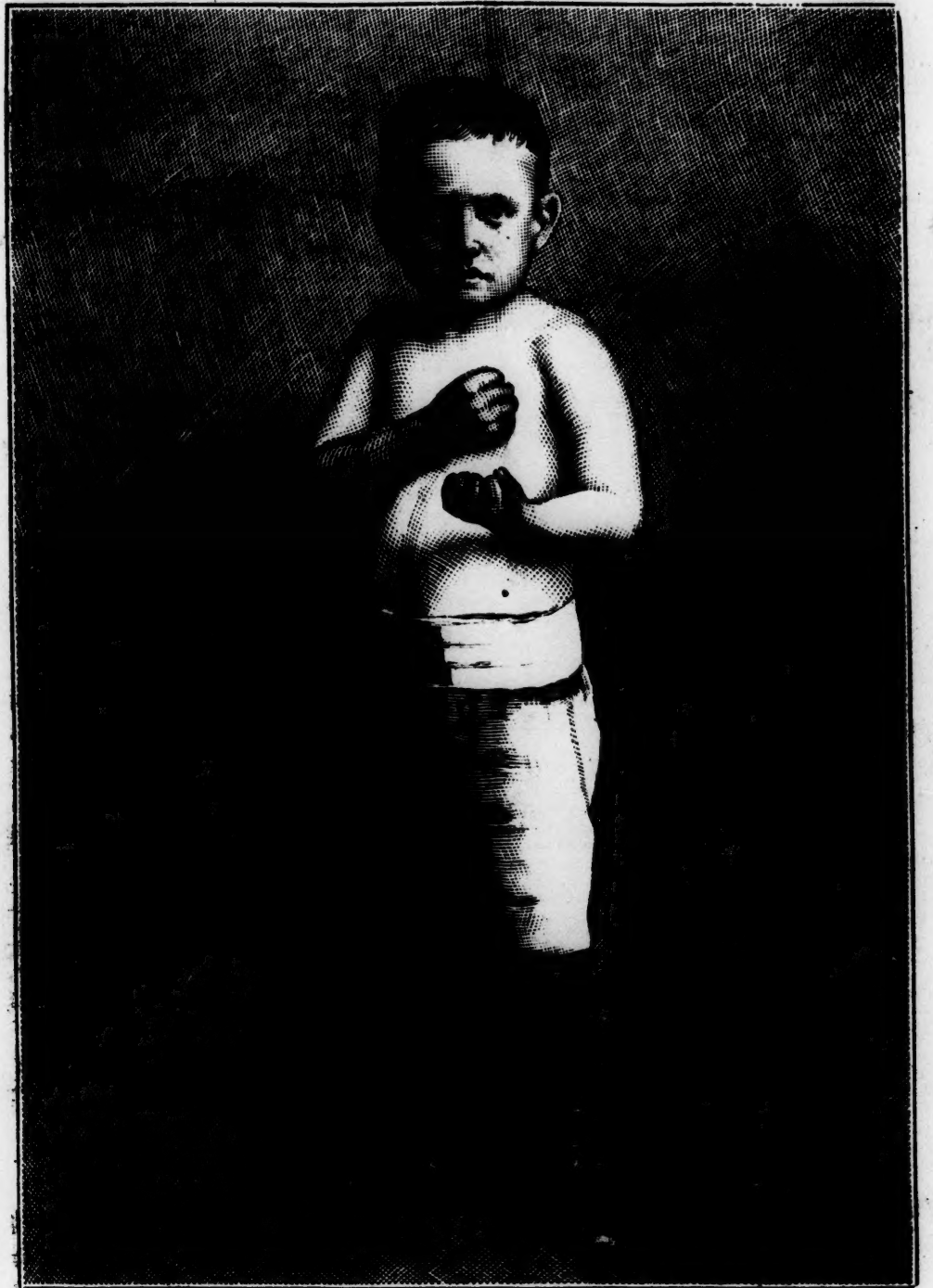
FELL FROM THE BRIDGE.

YOUNG JAMES MARTIN ACCOMPLISHES ACCIDENTALLY THE FEAT ON WHICH TWO REPUTATIONS HAVE BEEN FOUNDED.



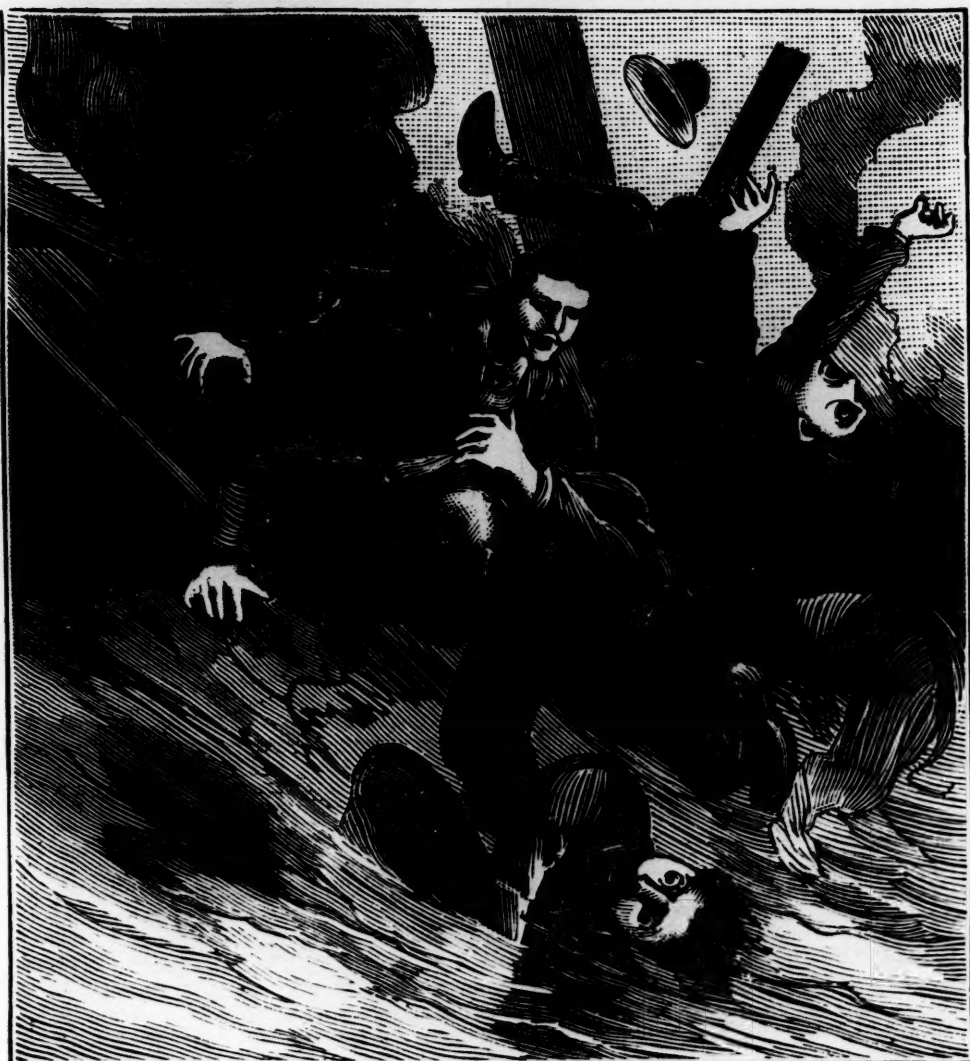
MIKE LUCY,

THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT BOXER OF TROY, N. Y.



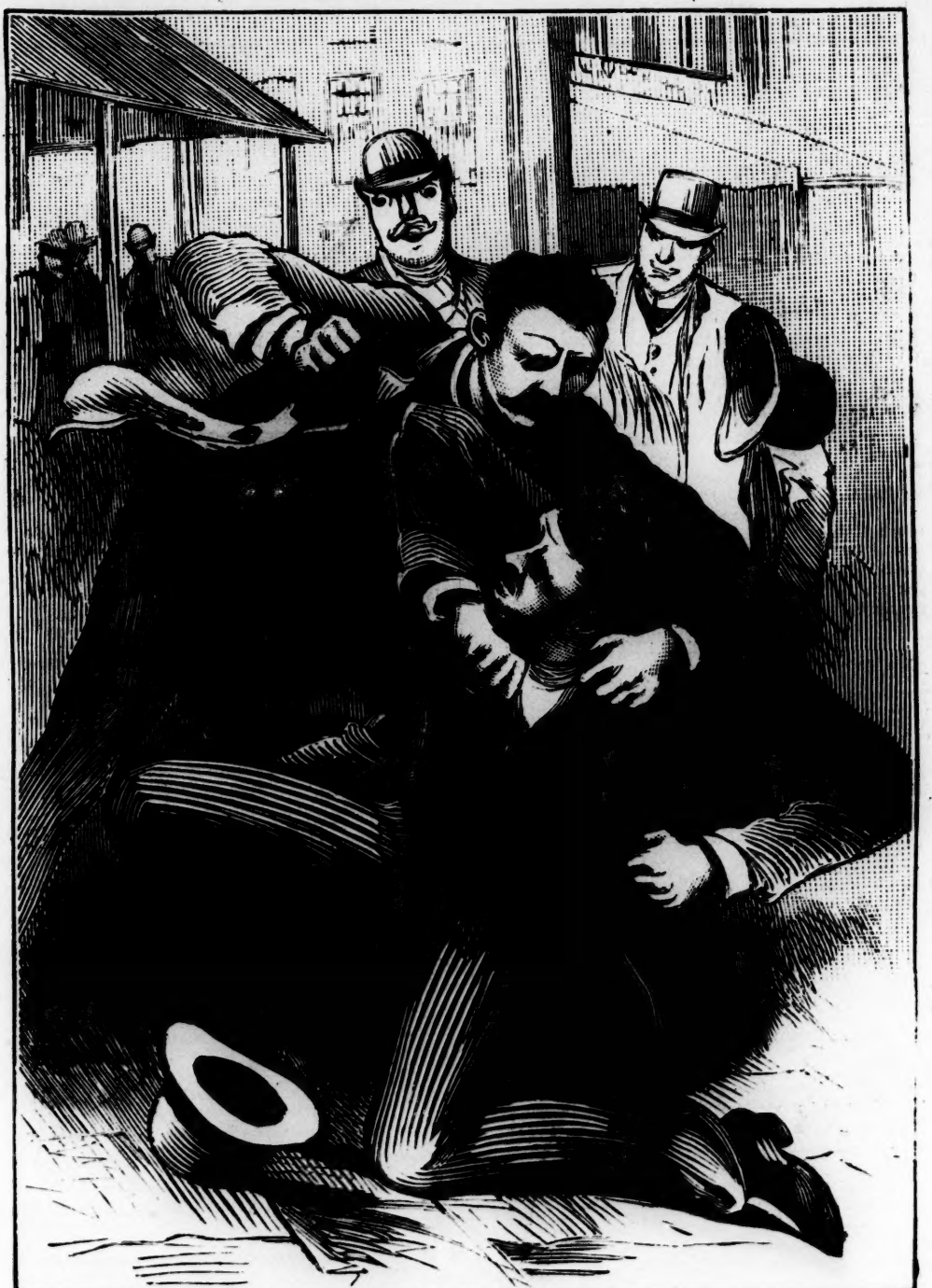
MASTER RAY PERRY,

THE CHAMPION BOY BOXER OF AMERICA.



LAUNCHED INTO ETERNITY.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT COSTING SEVERAL LIVES HAPPENS IN A SHIPYARD AT .
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



KNOCKED INTO PIE.

A SALT LAKE EDITOR RECEIVES A SEVERE DRUBBING AT THE HANDS OF
AN ANGRY LAWYER.

PRIZE RING MATTERS.

A Few of the Many Encounters in the Magic Circle--The Cardiff-Killen Match Declared a Draw.

At Red Lake Falls, Minn., recently Thomas Gibbons and Pete Gosselin fought with small gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500. Gosselin forced the fighting from the beginning, knocking Gibbons out in the third round. Jack Meurs was referee.

Mark Goss knocked out James Nelson near New London, Ct., on Aug. 7. The tenth round was the liveliest of the fight. In this round Goss administered the first and only knock down of the mill. From this time out Goss was the favorite and each of the next five rounds were decidedly in his favor, but without special incident. In the sixteenth round a foul was claimed and allowed against Nelson and the fight declared in Goss's favor.

The following deft explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor:
SIR: I wish to state through the columns of your paper that I hereby challenge any man in America to an all around wrestling match to consist of five falls, namely: one collar and elbow, one catch-as-catch-can, one Greco Roman, one side hold and one back hold. I shall be glad to hear from some of the many champions.

JERRY SHELLENBARGER,
Ashley, Graciot Co., Mich.

In reference to the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, the champion of America, and Jim Smith, of London, champion of England, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the "Championship of the world," the following cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

LONDON, Aug. 5, 1887.

William E. Harding:
I have forwarded to the New York (Upper) one thousand dollars, James Smith's (the English champion) first deposit, for the battle with Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, for \$10,000. You are aware the second deposit is due on Aug. 21. Richard K. Fox has gone to Italy.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON,
Sporting Life.

Don Hart, of California, and Eddy Clarke, of this city, fought at Brown's Landing, near Omaha, on Aug. 7. The steamer John M. Abbott carried the excursionists, who numbered about two hundred, to the battle ground. The men fought according to London prize ring rules for \$500. In the commencement of the battle little damage was done by either. Then Clarke began to outfight his opponent. In the twenty-second round Clarke got in a terrific blow on Hart's under jaw, which knocked him senseless and wound up the fight. Hart was unconscious for nearly two minutes. This was the only square knock-down during the fight, which lasted 1 hour 20 minutes. Both men were badly battered about the face and both bled freely. Tommy Miller, the feather-weight fighter, was referee.

Patsy Cardiff and Pat Killen battled to a draw at Minneapolis on Aug. 5. The fight was ten rounds, two-ounce gloves, Queensberry revised rules, for divided receipts. Killen was trained down to 100 pounds. He was seconded by Tommy Warren, the champion feather-weight, and Hank Leole. Cardiff weighed about 180, and was in better condition, if possible, than when he met Sullivan last winter. His seconds were Professor John Donaldson and Jerry Murphy. In the first round Cardiff rushed Killen to the ropes, landing on his face several times. In the second Killen caught Cardiff heavily with a left upper cut, when the men clinched. The referee separated them, but while in this act and while Killen had his arms spread Cardiff struck a heavy blow over the referee's shoulder, landing on Killen's jaw and knocking him against the ropes. In spite of the cries of "foul" and the clamor of the seconds the referee offered no remonstrance and Cardiff followed up his advantage with several rights and lefts before Killen could get away. The round ended decidedly in Cardiff's favor. Cardiff persisted in his tactics and fought with his hands, teeth and feet, compelling Killen to adopt the same methods in self-defense. For three rounds the fight progressed without distinct advantage. Cardiff made several reaches and generally landed, skillfully avoiding Killen's sweeping blows. Once only did Killen land fairly with his right, sending Cardiff to the ropes. After the seventh round Killen had a decided advantage. The eighth and ninth showed passages in his favor, and the tenth and wind-up began with things coming his way. Killen fought with his left, and with his right caught Cardiff a vicious upper cut that staggered him. A clinch followed, and the men went down. Killen's seconds cried "foul," and swarmed upon the stage, followed by the cohorts of Cardiff; then by a score of excited spectators, and finally by a swarm of police. The pugilists indulged in a bout of "Greco-Roman." When the call of time was made and the struggling mass of civilians, officers and "short hairs" was sorted and separated, the referee said the affair was a "draw."

LIKE A FOOTBALL.

A special dispatch from Waynesboro, Ga., August 1, says: Louis Gilbert, colored, six weeks ago married a widow who had one child, Laura Foreman, aged seven years. As soon as the woman became his wife, Gilbert insisted that she should dispose of her daughter, as he did not want her around the place.

Last Monday he put the child in a cart and sent her off, threatening to kill her if she should ever return. Yesterday Gilbert went to Lawtonville, returning home after dark. He was so enraged at finding Laura with her mother when he returned home that, grasping her by the hair of the head and holding her up off the ground, he kicked her into insensibility. He then threw her on the floor and kicked the body around like a football, until all signs of life were extinct. All this time the mother stood by pleading for the life of her child. Gilbert was taken to jail, while the coroner's jury declared the crime to be willful murder.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOK, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

NORTHFORD, CONN., Aug. 8, 1887.
I am still receiving orders daily for goods. It is the best paper I ever advertised in. Yours respectfully,
E. C. BURCKEL.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 8, 1887.
The enclosed, from British India, is one instance of the many foreign answers received to advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE. There is no doubt that the P. G. is the banner medium of the country, if not of the world. Yours truly,
PAIK NOVELTY CO.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 6th, 1887.
I was a little afraid to try the GAZETTE as the rate seemed very high, but thus far it has proved a paying investment. Respectfully
CHAS. S. LEE.

ADVERTISING MERITS.

The claims of newspapers as to circulation are seldom relied upon. The POLICE GAZETTE, therefore, prefers to allow its patrons to speak on its behalf. The POLICE GAZETTE is sold in every State and Territory in the Union, and is mailed to every established post office in the United States, is subscribed for by upward of two thousand newspapers, who rely upon its columns for sporting news. It also possesses a very large European patronage, being well known from Australia to the diamond fields of South Africa. With such a

record of popularity, will it not pay every advertiser to give its columns a test trial trip?

No. 200 PARK AVENUE,
ALBANY, N. Y.
In advertising, I cannot get along without the GAZETTE.
C. H. BREMER.

DEER ISLAND, Maine.
I think it would be no advantage for me to advertise in any other paper. I do not think I could have selected a better paper in the whole United States to have placed the advertisement in, for I receive letters from all parts of the States--North, South, East and West, from Maine to New Mexico.
MRS. M. PARKER.

PHILADELPHIA.
The POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising medium I have ever used. My advertisement has brought me orders from every State and Territory in the United States, and even from foreign countries.
GEORGE T. WILSON.

FARMERSVILLE, Pa.
Some contracts which I had cost me \$30 to \$75, for which I can hardly show up a postal card as an answer to them, although parties swearing to a circulation of 70,000 to 100,000. If the contracts would have paid as well as the one I had with you, I would be all right.
M. S. WEBER, Publisher.

DEER ISLE, ME.
I am now receiving letters from all parts of the States, and also out of the States. I enclose you one from Arabia, that I received to-day, to show you what a distance some of them come from. I expect next to get correspondence from the Arctic regions.
MRS. M. PARKER.

ELMIRA, N. Y.
Our card in your paper has brought us more replies in two days than the same through our other papers fetch in a week. We shall continue advertising with you as long as we wish to call the attention of the people throughout the United States to our goods.
NOVELTY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
DEAR SIR--My advertisement in last week's paper has already brought me over forty orders. May the circulation of your paper never grow less.
GEORGE T. WILSON.

CHICAGO.
We must say that the small amount of money expended by us in advertising in the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 371, has proved a great success, and as soon as our large electrotype (50 lines) is ready, shall insert the same for three months.
HOWARD MFG. CO.

PALMYRA, Pa.
I would here say that the POLICE GAZETTE is about the only paper that pays me to advertise in now. I don't know how it is with other advertisers, but papers that paid me well three years ago I can hardly get my money back now, except the GAZETTE. Your rates are high, but I kept account in my investment of \$1. I have so far received \$100. I consider very good.
J. G. STAUFFER.

CHICAGO, ILL.
I have been an occasional advertiser in the POLICE GAZETTE for over five years, and my say is one of the best mediums we ever tried.
LEW H. ANDERSON.

LATHAM, Ohio.
Mr. Beckman said he would continue his "ad" in GAZETTE, as it was paying him extremely well, better than any other four papers used. Yours truly,
GEO. W. LEIGG.

ELMIRA, N. Y.
We think your paper is undoubtedly the best advertising medium for our class of goods in the United States, and we have tried all the other sporting papers. Yours, etc.,
NOVELTY AGENCY.

BALTIMORE, Md.
Without any solicitation from you, I must say that my customers state that your paper pays them the best. It brings answers almost immediately and from all portions of the country, and I cheerfully add my name in endorsing it as an excellent advertising medium--in fact, it has no equal.
H. M. RICH, Advertising Agent,
73 W. Baltimore Street.

ELMIRA, N. Y.
Please peruse enclosed order, which will explain itself. This is only one out of the many orders we receive from foreign countries in answer to advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE. We take pleasure in being able to show you that your efforts to place the GAZETTE at the head of all advertising mediums are meeting with wonderful and truly gratifying success. Will send advertisement for next issue, and from all portions of the country, and I cheerfully add my name in endorsing it as an excellent advertising medium--in fact, it has no equal.
Yours very truly,
NOVELTY AGENCY.

GLOVESVILLE.
Please insert my advertisement in next GAZETTE. Very satisfactory results so far. Shall give you more soon.
A. VAN VRANKEN.

NEW YORK.
I will say I now advertise in over 200 different papers, and I have never received so good a return as from your paper.
MADAME M. LATOUR.

FOXBORO, Mass.
We consider the POLICE GAZETTE the "champion" advertising medium in the world.
BOX TON COMPANY, Foxboro, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
During the few weeks I have used the POLICE GAZETTE as an advertising medium, it has brought me 1,025 applications for goods from every State and Territory in the United States, Canada, and foreign lands. Having been more or less associated with the newspaper press for many years, I must say that the extent, character and widespread diversity of circulation, stamp it as the foremost sporting paper of the world, and certainly without a peer. Long may your flag wave over the Franklin Square Publishing House.
DAVID H. LAWSON,
General Supply and Purchasing Agency, Phila., Pa.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.
Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and After Dark.
Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers. The Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes.
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.
Crime Avenge. Sequel to Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.
Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.
Mauville Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World.
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity an Excuse for Murder.
Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.
The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.
Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles.
Tug Wilson, champion pugilist of England.
Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Darksman.
Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be enclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing upon the outside the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.
Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission is reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after this date.

April 1, 1887.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher Police Gazette,
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements.....\$1.00 per line.
Reading notices.....250
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 13 1/2 inches each, and 24 inches wide.

ALL AGENTS MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Oats or Display.
During the continuance of all advertisements, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Disordered Stomachs, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a box. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 50 cents by mail. **CARTER MEDICINE CO., FRUIT, NEW YORK.**

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND COPAIBA
Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its most portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, send each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

A POSITIVE

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.
No stinging results, as from the use of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood which are certain to produce dyspepsia time than any other.
Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular.

J. C. ALLAN CO., CURE.
P. O. Box 1533, New York, N. Y.
Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Doan's Sandalwood, in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Doan's, it is genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 c. All druggists. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

DRY GOODS.

FREE Ladies, if you want to wear fine clothes Hosiery, etc., at low cost, send for our Illustrated Catalogue (sent free).

MAHLER BROS.,
505 and 507 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.
Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

LADIES! Try Chichester's English Regulating Pills. Always effective. Never fail to relieve suppression. For sale by all druggists. Take no other. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Bustle, Ours folds up size collar box. Ladies "wild" over it. 1 postpaid, 40c. P. B. Co., 333 J St., Peoria, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

PERSONAL.

MARRIED LADIES or those contemplating marriage, will, by sending 10c. to pay postage, &c., receive by return mail a package of Goods and information important to every lady. **F. B. BRILL, New Haven, Ct.**

Ladies & Gents, desiring Correspondents for AMUSEMENT or MATRIMONY, send 10c. to "SOCIAL WORLD," Box 5200, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Notice--If H. W. will communicate with L. W., he will learn something to his advantage.
Box 91, Crisfield, Md.
Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

JEWELRY.



\$3.75
For a
New, Genuine
Solid
Silverene
WATCH!

To introduce our Solid Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., and to show new customers that we are the Cheapest House in the West, we make this special offer for 30 days only. Our Silverene Watch comes in 3 or open face, finely finished, smooth cases, which look and wear like solid silver with an extra jeweled expansion balance lever imitation Elgin movement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
NOTICE--That all may see and examine this watch before paying for same, we will send it C. O. D., subject to full examination if 50 cents is sent in advance as a guarantee of good faith. \$3.25 to be paid at express office, or if \$3.75 full amount is sent with order we will GIVE FREE a Fine, Gold Plate Chain and Charm.

W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers,
Mammoth Catalogue Free.
The above house is thoroughly reliable, and we recommend this watch to our readers.

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

AMERICAN WATCH CLUBS.

Branches forming everywhere. Authorized capital, \$100,000. Grand chance to get Good Watches at Low Prices on Easy Terms. New Co-operative plan. Reliable club organizers wanted. Good pay. Address, **NAT'L AMERICAN WATCH CLUB, P. O. Box 3440, N. Y.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

\$2.50 will buy solid silver heavy gold-plated watch, entirely new process, warranted. Send for circular. Address **WEISS & CO., 402 W. 4th.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FAIR LISTS
SENT FREE!
We are headquarters on Cane, Pocket Knives, Balloons, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Our lists contain everything new out this season for the Fair and Circus trade. Sent free. **LAMOS & CO., Chicago, Ill.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

LADIES! Ask your druggist for Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other. An unfailing emmenagogue and regulator. Invariably relieve suppression. For sale by all druggists, or send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter by return mail. **Chichester Chem. Co., 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

\$2 WILL BUY ten Perfect, Practical Working Tools, comprising: Screw Driver, Wrench, Hammer, Nail-puller, Large Gas Pliers, Leather Punch, Wire Cutter, Small Gas Pliers, Pincers. Sent to any address on receipt of price.
CHAS. A. SEIF, Mfg. Art., Newark, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Send for "OUR SPECIAL BOOK" to Men. Mailed free. A treatise on Nervous Debility. Address makers of **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, 57 Murray St., New York.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Kansas Detective Bureau, Wichita, Kan., want members everywhere. Particulars, etc. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

TOILET ARTICLES.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. John H. Woodbury, 57 N. Pearl St., ALBANY, N. Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

ELECTRIC MOUSTACHE VIGOR. Grows a luxuriant moustache or beard on the smoothest face in a very short time, (or hair on bald heads never known to fall. Does it every day. The only reliable preparation on the market. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. 3 for 50c. Stamps. Address, **WILLIAMS BROS., Montclair, N. J.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

IN-GROWING NAILS! An infallible remedy for 50c. Dr. E. O. THORPE, P. O. Box 245, Hanover, Pa. Refers to Postmaster. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

LOVE Perfume, for 30c. to pay postage, etc. Address **DESSA GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man--Know Thyself. Just published, (pocket edition) either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

BARBER'S SUPPLIES.

BARBERS, razors will cut as slick as grease. Grand discovery. 20c. silver. **Laffin Bros., Palatka, Fla.**



SOME OF THE MANY DENS WHICH ARE TO BE FOUND AT NEW JERSEY'S VERY FASHIONABLE SEASIDE RESORT, IN WHICH BLACK AND WHITE SIMPLETONS ARE FLEEDED BY SIRENS WHO ARE ALL OFF COLOR.